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OF A

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# THE CONFESSIONS

OF

## AN IMP.

H.P. Halsey

A NARRATIVE.





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#### INTRODUCTION.

SINCE the completion of the "Confessions of an Imp" it has been suggested that the author has conveyed the inference that a great many clergymen, and a great many professing Christians, indulge moderately in the use of liquor. The writer did not so intend to be understood, as it is a fact that but few American clergymen use liquor, and the great majority bravely and manfully denounce it; and it is to be hoped that the few will join the many and make the pulpit brigade a solid phalanx.

Unfortunately there are too many professing Christians who do drink liquor in moderation; and it is also a fact that many of the latter fall away from their duties, and again too frequently become victims of the worst type; and it is to be hoped that these also will turn from the wooing allurements so that the whole church may combat the great evil and stand a unit against its encroachments.

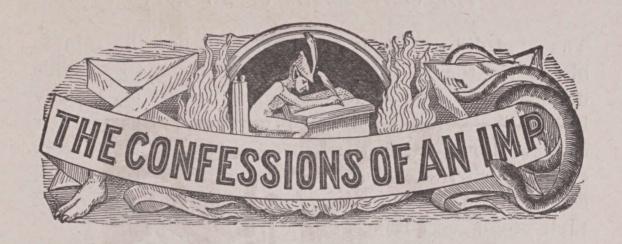
Just one word more. The author is not a Utopian, and recognizes all the difficulties in the way of a successful extirpation of the Rum Demon. Remedial measures can be only partially successful; but let every influence that should be adverse to the use of liquor combine, let these influences crystallize into a great means for the making of public sentiment, and in time preventive measures may be adopted which will save coming generations from the overshadowing curse. It may take time to crush the monster; and to do so the work must commence now, and it must be prosecuted with vigor by all those whom intelligence and Christianity naturally constitute the enemies of the evil and the conservators of the present happiness and eternal welfare of their fellow-man!



TO THE FRONT.



IN SHADOW.



#### THE STORY OF MY INNOCENT INFANCY.



AM of most ancient lineage, and was born in Ohio, when, in deference to the season, Mother Earth had donned her mantle of green, and when my father, the Sun, being in a genial and temperate mood, was beaming his most benignant smiles.

It is still delightful to recall memories of my infancy, as with my myriad

brothers we were as tender and delicate, yet thrifty, a family of sprouts as ever drew nourishment from the bosom of a generous mother.

My first recollections commence on the day when my foster-father, an opulent farmer on whose estate we were born, came out to view us for the first time; and I remember how with great satisfaction he exclaimed, "This promises to be the most abundant crop I ever raised!"

My early childhood was not distinguished by any remarkable event. Through the early summer days my playmates were the whispering winds, and through the nights gently falling dews crowned my head with glittering globules wherewith to greet the morning sun.

My experience, however, was not always so pleasant.

The wind did not always come to woo, nor the rain to bless. As the season advanced I learned to tremble under the furious outbursts of wrath of these my usually kind friends, but soon came to bear patiently their changeful humors, as the benefits I derived from them even in their wildest fury were refreshing and healthful, compared to the agony endured during the periods of their prolonged absence.

I recall how the wind in its mad passion would sometimes crush me prone to the ground, and fiercely dash the reluctant rain in copious torrents; but soon its frightful fury would pass away, ready hands would lift me up, the sorrowful clouds would drop gentle tears of condolence, and the repentant wind would come stealing softly back with healing on its wings, and shake the glistening tears from my budding leaves.

These were precious moments in my experience, made more so when ofttimes the evening sun with reassuring rays would flash a smile of approval upon the sweet reconciliation.

This pleasant period of my existence speedily passed away, and at length the time approached when I was called upon to encounter more serious perils. As I grew older, deadly enemies appeared in the shape of flocks of noisy and ominous-looking crows, whose hateful cawing sent thrills of horror to my very roots.

As I look back upon those hours of terror, I read in the appearance of those fierce destroyers a premonitory likeness to the career to which I was destined. It is well they are clothed in feathers of Egyptian blackness, those winged imps of destruction; and it would be most fortunate for mankind if the devil, whom it has been my fate to serve, would clothe all his servitors in a like forewarning manner and in less gilded and alluring trappings.

Later on I received even a greater shock and a more striking foreshadowing of my future mission of evil.

One early dawn, just as the first rays of the rising sun kissed my drowsy eyelids and dried away the flashing drops of dew that rested on my fast-ripening crest, I beheld a frightful object standing in our midst.

I subsequently learned that it was placed there for our protection, and was called a Scarecrow.

Little did I dream how in my later career I should become the maker of hundreds of living realities, the exact counterparts of this dreadful semblance. And further, I was to possess both the power and the will to infuse into my victims a spirit of brutal cruelty in consonance with their horrible appearance; and instead of having objects set up to scare me off, I was to receive encouragement where I had the least right to expect it, and even the warrant of law to enslave and destroy.

My first and only happy summer soon passed; and as the chilly air of autumn began to sear the richness of my vernal attire, the time arrived when myself and brothers were to be plucked from the bosom of our loving mother who had so generously nourished us, and harvested for the fulfilment of our intended evil career.

Without one pang of regret we were carted from the fields of our childhood. With the inconsiderate thought-lessness of youth, we indulged anticipatory longings to rush forward and grasp our future, surrendering the assured happiness of the present for visionary picturings of brighter scenes beyond.

At length I found myself in a commodious barn, where I enjoyed a few days of rest. Thus far my career had been one of constant delight. But, alas! the morning of my evil destiny at length dawned. I remember how through the preceding night I had lain and thought over what the future of the family would be, and

when day broke I waited impatiently for the coming of the good farmer to feed his stock. When he appeared I improved my opportunity and managed to conceal myself under the collar of his coat.

From this time forward, in order to preserve the clearness of the incidents of my narrative, I shall speak in the first person singular. I desire my readers to remember that later on I became the evil spirit of the barrel, enjoying all the privileges of an omnipresent and almost omnipotent devil; and I am assured I can best serve the purposes of this truthful history by relating the experiences of the million imps of the barrel as centred in myself.

As stated above, I managed to ensconce myself under the collar of the good farmer's coat. Hardly had he concluded his duties in the barn, when an incident occurred which settled the question of my future career, so that I was diverted from my original mission of beneficence and peace to become the Demon of Rum, the lieutenant of the Arch-fiend himself.

A man who, as I afterwards learned, was a miller, met the farmer at the barn door. He had come as a purchaser. From the first I was prepossessed in his favor, and earnestly hoped he would become the successful buyer. But to my sorrow, while the bargaining was in progress, a shadow fell before the barn door, and a man approached whose looks filled me with instinctive dread. I will not attempt to describe his appearance in detail. I will only state that he possessed a sharp face, and an expression of deep cunning and possible malice in his eyes. Later on I learned that this man was a famous distiller, and his bloated face betrayed signs of an overindulgence in the products of his own distillery. He also had come as a purchaser; and I blush to confess that my foster-father, the farmer, had no scruples as to whether

I fell to the miller, who would have transformed me into the angel of a health-giving and life-sustaining substance, or whether I became the property of the distiller, who was to transform me into the evil spirit of a fiery liquid of destruction.

I sat and listened to the bargaining. The distiller became the successful purchaser; the difference of a few cents per bushel fixed my fate, and, through no fault of mine, I was destined to become the hero of the terrible experiences I am about to relate.

The man I have described as my purchaser is not more responsible for the diverting of myself and kindred to a career of destructiveness than are they who, from inexcusable ignorance of my deadly properties or in deference to misguided popular opinion, lend encouragement upon any pretext whatever to the slightest coquetry with me in my transformed state.

Moderation is a deceit: it is inscribed upon the label of every bottle from which I glide. My mission is not simply to cater to drunkards, but to make them. Permit me to enter the system, and I possess all the necessary weapons for the continuance of the work of physical and moral destruction. Check my first entrance, and I am totally powerless. And to a large class let me earnestly urge the dismissal of the erroneous impression that I permanently assist the digestive or any other organs. This impression is the broadest highway along which I make my devilish progress.

Let me be recognized at my true value, and the occupation of the heartless distiller will be gone.

This moralizing by a confessed demon may appear strange, but I wish it understood that this autobiography is a confession; and, although I shall conceal nothing of my wickedness, I desire my readers to bear in mind that I was sold into the service of the devil,

and in a transformed state compelled to do his work. Through all I retained a remembrance of my early tender training and Heaven-intended mission; throughout I was an unwilling slave; but, having accomplished my mission of evil, I claim the right, as my only means of reparation, to use my past terrible experience as a wail of warning. I did my work well, and all that remains for me now is a tear for my victims and the erection of signs of "Beware" at the entrances to all the dens that are but a rapid road to ruin. With an apology for this digression, I resume my narrative.

The moment the distiller opened his lips and gave utterance in a husky voice to an inquiry as to the price, I was seized with an instinctive dread; and when his negotiation resulted in a purchase, I burned with a hatred so intense that I trembled at the violence of a hitherto unrecognized element in my nature.

From this moment my whole being underwent a change. I developed a sourness in my disposition which made me an excellent subject for the mash-tub, in which I was soon immersed under the personal supervision of my vile purchaser.

The foreign substance infused into me to add to my buoyancy only developed the hidden germs of evil and inflamed my worst passions. From the tub of demoralization I was soon transferred to a huge still, where all my remaining nobler qualities were boiled out of me, and the transforming process was completed. In a vapory column I rose from the seething débris of my former self through a snake-like tube, modestly called a worm. And as I slowly oozed forth in liquid form and fell into the receiving-tank, it seemed as though I saw myriads of little horned devils disporting themselves with impish glee, straining and panting to set out on their mission of destruction.

I had now passed through all the preparatory processes, and the transit to my designated barrel was speedily effected. Here I received some new and improved weapons, to make more certain my powers for mischief. Sweetoil was added to give a plausible and smooth exterior. Fusel-oil—a deadly poison—fulfilled the office of a mask which concealed my fiery vigor and tickled the vanity of my victims, by enabling me to assume the appearance of old age. Tannin served the purpose of general utility, possessing the property of lending a temporary activity to the digestive organs and nerves of my victims, while in fact for every apparent benefit it confers, it exacts and destroys thrice the amount of genuine recuperative strength. Strychnine, my most powerful weapon, was given me as a reserve force. When my other weapons fail, this fearful agent sustains for a while a false flicker of strength, and then, gathering together the festering remnant of once vigorous organs, paralyzes them at a single stroke, and the work is done. It is death that follows-a miserable death, leaving a disfigured and loathsome corpse.

Having received my weapons, I secured my commission in the shape of government and local license—a license to go forth and to be dealt out to old and young, strong and weak, wicked and innocent, the wise and foolish—and to destroy them all.

And now, dear reader, having related the story of my preparatory course, and how I was armed, equipped, and licensed, I begin the story of my own campaign against virtue, health, honor, beauty, fidelity, and all that is pure and bright and useful, and parade before you the ghosts of my victims as the spectres appeared to the fevered brain of King Richard.

From the distillery I was transferred to that gilded palace, a modern bar-room, one of those isles of the

sirens where the music is the clicking of the glasses—a music more alluring than the songs that forced Ulysses to fill the ears of his crew with wax, and to have himself lashed to the mast. So it ever is. The Demon of Rum makes his surroundings splendid and enticing, even as the stiletto is more highly polished when its point is smeared with a deadly poison. The bar-room, alas! despite all its splendors is but a death-cavern; the click of every glass is a warning; the popping of every cork, a death-knell; every laugh, a delusion. Some future Burns may yet win imperishable fame by a tale more fearful than the death-dance in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," should he picture the march of a ghostly train of my victims into some old-established bar. There would come the executed murderer with the rope about his neck; there, the suicide carrying the bloody knife with which he ended his drunken career; there, the ruined gambler with his fatal cards; there, the besotted mother who smothered her innocent babe. Each day is adding to the ranks of such a procession. And each day will continue to add to them so long as the devil's elixir of death-Rum-is permitted to be made and dealt out amid all the allurements and blandishments of the modern barroom.





#### MY FIRST VICTIM, OR HOW I BECAME THE MUR-DERER OF AN INNOCENT BABE.



WAS bottled and conspicuously displayed behind the bar by the deft hands of my intended dispenser—the bartender.

The latter was a good representative of his class; not a bad fellow by any means, he did not look like one who

fully realized the iniquity of dealing out *Death*. Indeed, when I first beheld him, I was rather pleased with his appearance. He was good-looking, wore a perennial smile, appeared very obliging and cheerful, and was a witty and merry talker.

It chanced to be night when I was drawn from the barrel, bottled and shelved. As I am a ubiquitous little imp, I soon managed to squeeze out of my domicile, and, taking a seat on the cork, prepared for observations.

It was a magnificent room in which I found myself; the ceiling was gorgeously frescoed, the walls richly papered, and the floor of marble. The bar was constructed of solid mahogany, backed with mirrors, while elegant glassware was displayed on every hand. And all this magnificence, such as one might look for in the dining salon of a royal prince, may be found in thou-

sands of similar places prepared to entice the unwary to ruin.

I sat on my cork enjoying all the beautiful things around me, meditating on the fact that Death lay under all this magnificence and glitter, when my first victim entered. The bartender had been idle for a long time, and was aroused from a quiet doze by a respectably dressed, refined, and gentle-looking young man, who came to the bar and asked,

"Have you a bottle of pure whiskey?"

Pure whiskey! I laughed and fixed my eyes on the inquirer. I could see from his manner that he was not an habitué of such places. He advanced to the bar with a frightened look, appeared ashamed, and lacked the assurance and air of swagger characteristic of an old-time customer. I wondered what such a fine and honorable-appearing young man could want with a bottle of "pure whiskey." It was not long before my curiosity was gratified.

The bartender assured his customer that he had the best whiskey in the world. Such extravagance of expression is common in the bar-room. In a faltering and apologetic tone, the customer said,

"The doctor has prescribed whiskey for my wife: she is nursing an infant."

I saw the bartender glance over toward the bottle where I sat, and, discerning that I had been selected as the "best in the world," I crawled back under the cork to be ready for the work before me. Later on I was duly boxed and nicely wrapped up. They made a square bundle of me, because the young man did not wish any one to know he was carrying home a bottle. But a bottle it was, all the same, and in the bottle was I, the fiery Demon of Rum with all my weapons prepared for service.

When next I took observations I found myself in a comfortable home,—a home where such as I rarely visit. I must confess I felt out of place, but I had my mission to fulfil, and was ready for my work. It was not my fault that I was changed from bread to the Demon of Rum, and all that remained for me was to get down to business.

Before me I saw a delicate but lovely woman. In her arms was a healthy and beautiful babe; and from the conversation that followed I learned that the latter was to be my first victim. She was a young mother, and the babe was her first-born. Evidently she was not strong, but she was devoted and heroic, and appeared to have determined to nurse her child, lest by some mischance it might be fed swill-milk, and its tender life destroyed.

Now, dear reader, permit a brief explanation. Swill-milk is a production from cows that have been fed upon a decoction made from the refuse of a distillery after the active principle has been extracted. It is a fact that there still remains enough of the active principle in the refuse to disease the animals who are fed upon it for any length of time. The milk of such animals is very deleterious, and careful mothers shudder with horror at the idea of feeding such a vile fluid to their babes.

Now mark the inconsistency. The same mother who shudders at the idea of feeding her child with what is called swill-milk will herself take the active principle—the fiery extract in all its concentrated strength—drink it as a nourishment, and thus complacently, and, I may add, ignorantly, feed her babe swill-milk from her own breast, and ofttimes under a physician's direction.

But I will resume. With trembling hand the father poured out a portion from the bottle, tasted it, and shuddered as he remarked, "I guess it is pure!"

Later on a small quantity was poured into a glass, water was added, and the false nourisher thus diluted was passed to the mother to drink. Well, so be it! Dilution does not destroy me, nor weaken my power for destruction under any form in which I may be administered; under all processes by which I may pass in or out of the human system, I preserve my vigor. I may be masked, but not disarmed.

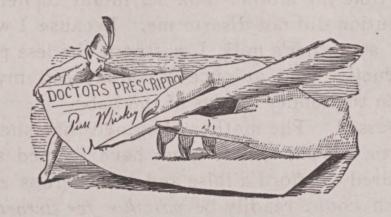
The mother shuddered and trembled, and the tears were forced to her eyes as I glided down her throat. Well, it was meet that her eyes should fill with tears. They came involuntarily; not because she pierced the veil and saw what was to come. But I did.

In due time the mother took her infant to her breast. Again dilution did not disarm me. Because I was concealed in a mother's milk, I was none the less powerful and destructive, and at once I commenced my deadly work upon the tender organs of the babe.

Time passed. The mother imagined that she gained in strength. Well, yes, it must have seemed so, for I was prepared to afford a false and treacherous exhilaration which could readily be mistaken for strength. The effect upon the child was different. From the very first its powers began to fail. Its little organs were too delicate to be even momentarily exhilarated, and decay followed the introduction of the diluted poison. The doctor came, he who had prescribed the death elixir, and he was baffled. He could not tell why the child should grow weaker and weaker. "The mother seems well," he said, "but unfortunately you cannot tell about children." He administered remedies; but, observe, passing daily through the lips of the doomed child, I killed them off, and at last, with the final spasm that ended the murdered babe's life, came forth victorious.

My work was done! I sat on my cork over the half-

empty bottle when the little coffin was brought in. I heard the mother's wail of anguish, and saw the tears stream down upon her despairing face! And when the funeral was in progress, unseen of the mourners, the insignia of mourning on my arm, I stood beside the coffin of my victim, and I tied the white ribbons about the neck of the bottle from which I had been poured to do this cruel deed—the murder of a helpless babe!





# VICTIM NUMBER TWO. I FINISH THE WORK OF MY PREDECESSORS.



RETURNED to my barrel in the barroom. I, as my readers must know, was the evil genius of the barrel, and when bottled and sent off on special duty, always returned as soon as my mission was completed, and waited for

a new assignment.

It was early morning. The saloon had just been opened after a night spent in revel by a party of men, who were possibly at that moment sitting on what is called the stool of repentance; for momentary repentance often comes to my victims, when with clenched teeth they swear never to taste, touch, or handle again. But it is unfortunately only too true that Hell is paved with just such good resolutions.

I was seated on my cork, indulging in my usual pastime of observation, when there came into the place the most horrible apparition, or semblance, of what might once have been a man. This blear-eyed, miserable object shuffled feebly up to the bar and demanded a whiskey cocktail. The necessary ingredients were mixed in a glass, and then the bartender reached over for my bottle. I deserted the cork and went down, and a mo-

ment later was ensconced in the glass, dressed in all the deceptions that constitute the component parts of a whiskey cocktail. The poor wretch grasped the glass and sought to raise me to his lips; and then the struggle began-a bitter fight between appetite and outraged nature. The glass was raised but half way, when nervous repulsion set in—the poor victim was physically powerless to raise me to his bloated lips. It was a final effort of the nerve-forces in defence of their citadel; the immortal soul was struggling to defend its tabernacle. The higher nature was locked in a death-struggle with the lower. It was an unequal contest, however. The bartender, not unused to such exhibitions, came to the latter's assistance. He did not, indeed, understand the moral side of the struggle, but its practical aspect only too well. He seized the glass and forced it to the victim's lips. glided down the blistered throat. I had won! The victory was mine, but, alas! what a scene of ruin and decay met my gaze!

It was the first time I had ever entered where my predecessors had been so long at work; and such a mass of animate corruption as I beheld, makes a shudder run through me at the remembrance. I roamed up and down through this rotting framework of nerves and tissues, and the sight was sickening. There were evidences that it had once been a magnificent specimen of the Creator's handiwork. The man was but thirty-two; yet all that was left of him was a putrid mass of flesh clinging to a framework of bones.

I commenced a careful investigation; I held, as it were, an ante-mortem autopsy on the poor creature's kidneys; and what did I behold? One of these organs was a mass of disease: the toughest of all the vital parts, it had succumbed to the deadly poison it had been called upon to encounter. I found it greatly swollen and adhering in

places to the surrounding tissue. It was affected in every part, changed in color, and hard and soft in spots, while the discharge of an ulcer was rapidly making its way into the abdominal cavity. The situation portended speedy death.

From this appalling sight I ascended toward the brain; the heart, well, well! that sturdy little engine had lost most of its original power, and its throbbings, soon to stop forever, were fast and slow, strong and weak by turns. Poor heart! from which had vanished all sentiments but one-the love of liquor! Alas! it were well it should cease its throbbings and let its last love die! I entered the brain. Here also were ruin and decay. Enough remained to show what a powerful force it once had been. In its ruin it retained the outline of its former magnificence, but disintegration had long ago set in, and where once had reigned in splendid brilliancy all the attributes of intellect there had succeeded the thickening mists of fast-approaching idiocy. Here, too, the poisons had done their work. Equipments similar to those with which I was armed had been used in the siege, and it was left for me to make the last grand assault upon the soul-chamber. It was to be an easy conquest; the defences were rotting away; the victory was already mine.

It was not my time to weep then. I reserved the tears until now, and set myself to discover who this man once had been. I glided down the cleft separating the cerebral hemispheres, and after a general survey burrowed in one of the memory-cells, and there from his own brain-record read his history.

He had been born on a farm, and his early training and mode of life resulted in developing a frame of wonderful strength and healthfulness. His God had endowed him with high mental qualities. He became conscious of his own brain-power, and ambitious to cultivate his splendid natural gifts. By steady attendance to his duties and the practice of frugality he saved enough money to pay his expenses through a collegiate course, after having improved every opportunity for previous preparation. While in college he resisted all the allurements attendant on a student's life. His ambition spurred him on to work, and his splendid physique supplied the necessary endurance. He closed his term winner of the highest college prizes, and won from his tutors and fellow-students alike the plaudits and recognition he so well deserved. He determined to become a clergyman, and entered the theological school, where again he devoted himself to his studies with unfailing industry, and there also graduated first in his class. He secured a charge, and his eloquence charmed and electrified his audiences. His commanding talents won applause on every side. And still he pressed on to higher things, devoting to study every spare moment snatched from his pastoral duties.

At length even his magnificent physical organization rebelled against this increasing toil. His nervous system, wrought upon beyond endurance, broke down; and it was at this moment the tempter came.

One good friend, a physician, as honest as he was skilful, said, "You must not work so hard; you must take exercise; give your nervous system a rest; the strain has been too great even for a constitution undoubtedly as strong as yours." The student turned sadly away. He could not spare the time for exercise. No, no, he must work, work, even though it ended in death. The physician's advice was not heeded, and the devil stepped in under the guise of an old woman with a red nose. Through her Satan whispered, "All you need is a little toning up; your system is run down;

take a little stimulant; it will do the work and cost you no precious time."

As usual the honest man's honest opinion was in opposition to inclination; while the devil, ever pliant and obliging, fell into accord with the ruling weakness. The devil's advice prevailed.

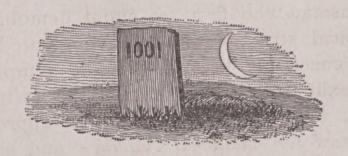
This man of splendid physique and wonderful brainpower decided to take an occasional glass of whiskey to tone up his nerves. Drinking men call it "bracing up," but it is the same thing. The Demons of Rum do not care under what scientific, pet, or slang names you cultivate them; their mission is the same, and also their power.

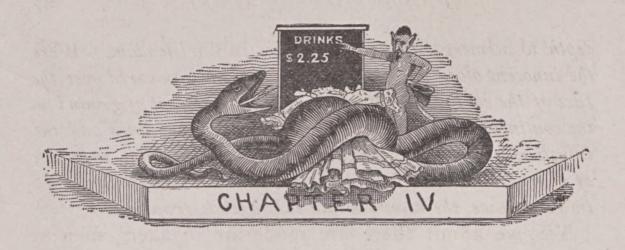
The toning-up process began, and I can well imagine how my kinsman who first set about demolishing this noble physical structure, must have gloated over his task; how cheerfully he afforded the temporary and delightful exhilaration that seemed the restoration of nerve-force; how each day by subtle approaches he created the need for additional building; and how like a Virginius reserving his pent-up passion he might have exclaimed, "Oh, I'll be patient unto the end, until you are mine!"

Reader, need I proceed? Seven years had completed the work. The putrid mass through which I was revelling, and the softening brain from which I gathered the incidents above related, were all that remained of that once promising structure which God had created! Genius is not a bulwark. Indeed, where there are brilliancy, wisdom, generosity, and all then obler qualities, we make our deadliest assaults; it is there we win our easiest and most complete victories. Our surest roads are over high-strung and delicately sensitive nerves. Like Death, we choose a "shining mark." The most gifted, physically and mentally, are our surest prey; for when once they

coquet with us, they most readily and certainly succumb to our allurements.

But let me finish my narrative. I remained with my second victim to the end. It came speedily. Life flickered but a short time in the ruined structure, and the light went out. I left him only when a number was attached to the shroud and the remains were tossed into a pauper's grave to await the sounding of the last trump.





# VICTIM NUMBER THREE. A NEW AND PECULIAR PHASE OF A RUM-DEMON'S WORK.

RANKNESS compels me to admit that there are rare instances where individuals have held communion with the Demon of Rum and furnished no strikingly visible evidence of injury. It is true that there are men living who have

passed the threescore-and-ten life-post, and still remain to boast that the use of liquor has never harmed them; that they have never permitted it to become their master. At a glance it might appear that this declaration is true. But it is not! In these cases we do our work all the same. They present phases of what may be called our reflex influence, under which our weapons glance off the guilty and strike the innocent. These are the cases where the just suffer for the unjust; and these sufferings are often more bitter in the end than when the penalties are visited directly upon the head of the offender. Indeed, it would be more merciful did only the guilty suffer; but there is no bar to our evil influence, no line we cannot cross when once admitted within the circle.

Were the tears we have caused to flow from innocent eyes run into one channel, they would make a torrent of sufficient

depth to submerge all the distilleries in Christendom. Were the innocent blood we have caused to be shed, smeared over the face of the earth, it would stain every square foot of ground on the continent of America. Were the heart-burnings and the injustices and cruelties perpetrated by men under the influence of rum (I allude to life-long moderate drinkers only) catalogued in one volume, the record would take ages to transcribe.

Yes, we admit there are moderate drinkers, men of strong will, whom we can overcome only after long years of assault. But through them we frequently get in our heaviest strokes, because they carry us into fields which, under other circumstances, we could never reach. We do not object to the moderate drinker; we love him. He is our strongest support. He covers us with a mantle of respectability. He stands between us and annihilation under prohibitory laws. He supplies our subjects and furnishes our recruits.

Without the successful moderate drinkers our occupation would be gone. They are our standing army of defence. Behind their lines and under their guard, we do the most of our devilish work.

But to return to my story. In the true narrative that follows, I propose to show one method through which my direct influence is not recognized; and, I will add, that in a modified form, and under different disguises, my brothers in evil, work millions of schemes such as I now proceed to relate.

I had returned from Potter's Field, where Victim Number Two had been cast into a pauper's grave, and was once more seated on my cork. It was early in the afternoon, and a man, whom I had occasionally seen in the place, entered with two friends. The three sauntered up to the bar, and the hero of this little narrative, whom I shall designate as Mr. Moderate, called out, "Give us some whiskey!"

I went down quite delighted into my bottle, as I had long desired to become acquainted with Mr. Moderate and learn what sort of fellow he was. I was anxious to discover just how I could operate on one of his class. I was speedily gratified.

Again I desire my readers to remember that I was the genius of the barrel; my little imps of the bottle may some day write their own history, although I have assumed the right to embody much of their experience in mine.

I was passed over in proper shape to the party, and soon glided down Mr. Moderate's throat. I could see that the work had already commenced, but the man did not as yet imbibe quite frequently enough to invite, in his case, a speedy demolition. An increased appetite was all that was needed, and I could see, from little inflammations here and there, that the influence was at work. But to my story.

Mr. Moderate paid for the drinks—just forty-five cents. A few moments passed when another of the party extended an invitation for a "repeater," and ere that had been disposed of, several other friends came in and the company was increased to six. Mr. Moderate, after a season, invited the gentlemen to "repeat" with him, and ninety cents more was paid, making a total thus far of one dollar and thirty-five cents. I wish my readers to observe and remember the figures.

The gentlemen were having a merry time as they gradually fell under my influence, and their several ruling weaknesses were developed. It is amusing what hallucinations will arise in the mind of a half-intoxicated man. I have heard such fellows boast of the beauty of their daughters, who afterwards were discovered to be hare-lipped and cross-eyed. In these mellow conditions, men are apt to fall into a discussion of the virtues of

their wives; and to hear them talk one would be led to think that an angel had been sent down from heaven and assigned to each one of them, while at that very moment the husbands were wasting the means which in all probability their angels needed for earthly comforts. And again, nine times out of ten, when the exhilaration is dying off, they return home and abuse these angels of whom they had spoken so lovingly. It is wonderful how all the good impulses are momentarily stimulated "in their minds," but anything practical is rarely the result. Egotism runs riot, and they become possessed of all manner of delusions. How polite they become! How sensitive as to their honor! How anxious they are, when lowering themselves to the level of the beast, to be recognized as gentlemen!

As stated, the party had a merry time. Mr. Moderate, however, exercised his usual caution, and did not join in every "repeater." He changed off to a cigar, drank a little Vichy now and then. He reached his temperature-level and stopped; still he was sufficiently exhilarated to fall under the general influence, and felt called upon to invite the party to join with him in a parting drink. He paid ninety cents more, making a total of two dollars and twenty-five cents—a small expenditure even for a Mr. Moderate upon such an occasion. And what had he received in return? Two glasses of whiskey drunk by himself, three poor cigars, and several swallows of Vichy, while he had been entertained for two hours with the usual silly talk characteristic of men in front of a bar.

Later on, with one cigar in his pocket, one partly smoked between his lips, and myself in his stomach, Mr. Moderate started for home. I slid up to his brain and learned that in a mild way he was reproaching himself for his extravagance.

In due time we reached the man's home; all its appointments were comfortable for a man in his circumstances. His wife was a pleasant-faced, cheerful little body, and evidently did not discern the impending peril. She appeared like a good wife and mother—yes, mother—for I saw two of the prettiest fair-haired children I had ever beheld. Later on I learned that they were twins, and it was not long before I discerned also that a little domestic drama was to be enacted in my presence. I became conscious that mother and daughters were conspiring to present some nice little scheme to papa.

The supper was over, and one of the children climbed up on her papa's lap. I was taking in the whole scene. I could see the tremor ripple over the mother's nerves. I could read the anxious glance in the sisters' eyes. Papa Moderate also discerned that something was coming, and he said,

"Well, what does my little girl want to say to papa?"
The mother and the child exchanged glances, and the little one snuggled more closely to her papa's bosom. The latter's eyes beamed pleasantly, he caressed and kissed his daughter, and in kindly tones repeated his question—

"Come, what has my little girl to say to me?"

It was a pretty domestic tableau presented at that moment, a pleasant and interesting scene, as the little girl told her story. She told how she and her twin-sister had been studying a dialogue together, which they were to recite on the occasion of the closing exercises of their school. Papa appeared pleased, and the little girl betrayed how for weeks her own and her sister's thoughts had dwelt upon this their first public appearance.

Mr. Moderate expressed his delight, and then the little girl blushed and twisted in his arms, and appeared reluctant to speak further, but evidently had more to say.

The mother encouraged her to proceed, and the great trial, as far as the revelation to papa was concerned, was over.

I will here state that they were a careful people, the family of Mr. Moderate; and any expenditure outside of the daily expenses of the household was always a matter of discussion; and it was evident that the revelalation to papa had been duly discussed by mamma and her two little girls before being presented to him.

The disclosure to papa was in the form of a request. The teacher had asked the two children to appear in white dresses on the occasion when they were to recite their dialogue.

A cloud settled over the good-natured face of Mr. Moderate as he demanded, addressing his wife,

- "Have the children no white dresses?"
- "None fit for the occasion."
- "Can they not speak the piece in such dresses as they have?"
- "Hardly, since the teacher has requested that they should appear in white."
  - "How much will the dresses cost?"
  - "About four dollars."
  - "And they must have them?"
  - "Yes."
- "Very well, then, let some other children speak the piece! Times are too hard! I cannot afford to buy white dresses to gratify the pride of a teacher."

I will pass over the looks of consternation and disappointment that followed this decision. The reader's imagination will clearly picture the sorrowful scene.

Well, let me sum up. The times were too hard! This man received a fixed salary from the government. Depression in business did not affect him. The times were too hard! And that day he had spent two dollars and twenty-

five cents for whiskey, more than half what the two dresses would have cost! He was smarting under a twinge of remorse because of his foolish extravagance, and the punishment rebounded upon the children.

The above is but a mild example of my reflex action. But consider for a moment the effect of Mr. Moderate's seemingly simple refusal. For six weeks these little children had been talking and dreaming of the event. Indeed, it was the first event of their little lives, and they were of that age when joys take stronger hold of the imagination, when disappointments sink deeper into the heart. And what a trifling barrier stood between them and the gratification of their hopes! Two little white dresses! And their father, Mr. Moderate,—a good and kindly man,—could not gratify their wishes because he had that day laid half their cost a tribute upon the altar of the Demon of Rum.





## A NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATING HOW THE DEMON OF RUM STEALS THE LIVERY OF HEAVEN.

GAIN I occupied my observatory on the cork. I had concluded my visit to the home of Mr. Moderate, and was on the lookout for a new field of operations. As usual I had but a short time to wait. A gentleman, who, I afterwards

learned, was a lawyer, came into the place. There are plenty of them in the service, in one way and another, and this one I shall designate as Mr. Careful. He was, indeed, a most careful man. Even his visit to the barroom was made in accordance with his usual methods of caution; and as he called for whiskey, he remarked incidentally that he was going to a public dinner, and wished to "tone up" his stomach a little before sitting down to the good things that would be set before him.

I went down into my bottle, and a few moments later glided down the throat of Mr. Careful. In due time, as usual, I ascended to his brain, but did not discover much to reward my investigations. I perceived he was a cunning fellow, possessed of no generous qualities, and a man who was not likely ever to become a victim of devils like myself. He was too hard-hearted, too selfish; he could never serve us. It is men of generous

impulses we want; big-hearted, liberal men; men who buy us not only for themselves, but for others. This fellow possessed none of the better qualities of manhood; he was of the brassy sort; he lacked sentiment; he was never stirred by a generous impulse; he was too cold-blooded to respond to exhilaration, and was never known to become enthusiastic except on the receipt of a big retainer, and that he invariably hoarded. In fact, he was not worth destruction.

Although without hope of working on Mr. Careful, I was anxious to go to a public dinner, and I imagined he would prove good company for such an occasion. In due time I reached the room where the grand supper was to be enjoyed, and there I encountered a sight that would gladden the hearts of a host of devils.

There was a large company gathered, and I could see that liquor was to flow freely. Mr. Careful took a peep around, and through him I saw wines of every description by the case and liquors of all sorts. There was nothing wanting that could add to the exhilaration of the banqueters.

Later on, I was witness to a new method for the spreading and sustaining of the devil's influence. Just before the commencement of the meal, a gentleman, whom I recognized as a clergyman, rose in his seat and, I will say, impiously called upon God to "bless the meal which through His kindness had been provided."

As the clergyman stood with folded hands and upraised eyes, and in solemn voice uttered the supplication, I beheld a sight which was not observed by the intending revellers. Over the speaker's shoulder stood the Arch-fiend, the master into whose service I had been sold, and as the petition was spoken, a broad smile illuminated, with devilish significance, his countenance.

As I witnessed the scene, I wondered at the inconsist-

ency. Was not this man enlisted under a banner on which is inscribed a declaration of eternal warfare against evil? And is not Rum the most powerful instrument of evil permitted to Satan to use in his grand struggle to drag men away from heaven, and hurl them down to perdition? Yet, here stood this minister of righteousness asking the Father of all good to bless a meal that was to progress with heavy and continuous libations, and terminate in a scene of drunken riot.

I am told that there are many clergymen who pretend to conscientiously advocate "temperance in all things"! I laugh. Temperance in all things! The words come trippingly on the tongue. But have I not shown, and does not every man know, that devils of my type are armed with just the weapons to make temperance in the use of liquor an impossibility. "Temperance in all things!" is our battle-cry. I have heard that a prominent clergyman once said, "There is not a text in Scripture that directly forbids the use of liquor!" Again I laugh! Under existing circumstances, and in view of the curse Rum is to mankind, I will not speak of the illadvisedness of such a statement coming from such a source, even though the statement were true; but since my work is done, I claim the right to speak that which I know, and I declare that every text in Scripture is a denunciation of the use of intoxicating drinks, because every text, and every word of persuasion and admonition, is a call to purity and goodness, and a warning against vice and evil. And I furthermore claim that, save as a medicine administered in moments of extreme danger, liquor never did one particle of good in this world. So far from doing good, it has destroyed more men and women, morally and physically, than any other agent of evil. In a million of forms its influence permeates the highways of virtue and morality, and snatches therefrom its victims by the thousand. Let the gallows tell its tale! Let the suicide come forth and tell his tale! And where does rum most revel? Where are its orgies held? In the gambling-hell. In the brothel, where fair women fester and rot, physically and morally. In the bar-room, where the young are led astray. And, alas! in the private homes into which it has carried discord and hate, where it has ruined the honor of husband and wife, and whence it has driven all that was good and pure. Thus, if the Bible has a mission, and that mission is to teach men to lead pure lives, and abstain from every evil, and to strive for immortality, then, I claim, not only every text, in word and in spirit, but the whole spirit of the Bible, is pronounced against Rum. If it is right to do all things temperately, and if this text can be tortured to include the use of liquor in moderation, then, on common-sense grounds, in view of the established facts, it follows that a temperate indulgence in all manner of immorality has the sanction of Holy Writ.

When clergymen countenance moderation, it is not simply toying with fire, it is not merely compromising with sin, it is unreservedly giving the devil all he asks and all he needs to sustain and propagate vice. Again, the clergyman who by word of encouragement, or failure to denounce, countenances moderation in drink, becomes a living nullification in theory of every moral and Christ-like sentiment that falls from his lips or is taught in the book of God's revelation.

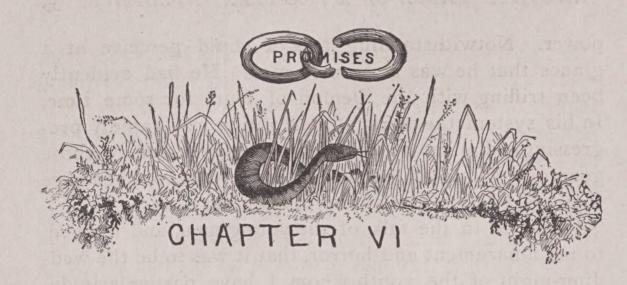
But to resume my narrative. The clergyman who had called upon God to bless such a meal did not himself partake: he retired in good order before the forces of the devil, ere the conflict actually began. And what followed? The usual scene under the inspiration of the Demon of Rum. All the several weaknesses of the company were developed: some became jolly and boisterous;

others, sensitive and disputative to the verge of anger. And just when the revelry was at its height, I again witnessed a sight not observed by the revellers.

The clergyman had gone, but Satan re-entered. He took his place at the head of the table. He rose with mock dignity. An expression of mock solemnity supplemented the previous smile of derision. His hands were upraised in the attitude of asking a blessing: he could afford to become a mimic; he had won! His influence had gone out through the lips of the clergyman, and he had caught the tone of reverend respectability. And there stood the grinning Arch-fiend, a satanic satire on the solemn mockery that had opened up the scene of drunken riot.



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## A NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATING ANOTHER PHASE OF MY REFLEX INFLUENCE.



RETURNED from the public dinner where I had accompanied Mr. Careful and was once more seated on my observatory, the cork. It was a rainy afternoon, and business was so lively that I was frequently compelled to go down

while my bottle was being refilled from the barrel. I was watching for a victim that would furnish me a new experience, and, as usual, I did not have long to wait.

Presently three young men entered the bar-room. They were all men of fine physique, evidently well educated and possessed of ample means. Such qualities are, however, no bar to my influence. To undermine the health, to set education at defiance, to reduce wealth to poverty, to sear the conscience as with a red-hot iron—these have been my mission among men. All I require is an invitation to proceed with my work, and by these young men it had already been given.

One of the party particularly interested me. He was a decidedly handsome fellow, and his face showed that nature had endowed him with a mind of no ordinary power. Notwithstanding this, I could perceive at a glance that he was a doomed man. He had evidently been trifling with the Demon of Rum for some time. In his system the work of demolition was rapidly progressing. For me he was a shining mark-one of those generous, whole-souled, brilliant fellows who, when once they yield to temptation, become an easy prey.

I listened to the talk of the young men, and learned, to my amazement and horror, that it was to be the wedding-night of the youth whom I have particularly described. With two of his most intimate friends he was "bracing up" for the approaching ceremony. I at once determined to make him the object of my attack. When passed between his lips I glided down his throat and was prepared both to observe and to work.

Though he did not drink much that afternoon-only what he considered sufficient to nerve him for the approaching ordeal, yet it was plain that the work of ruin, as I have already intimated, was well under way. The appetite was fast becoming a craving. All those organs of the human system that serve the Demon of Rum were properly inflamed, and I soon discerned that it required but a little time, a little more indulgence, to develop the habit into a seated disease.

I ascended to the brain. The young man was all in a tremor, and I read from his own memory-cells the incidents that had led up to the marriage which was to take place that evening. These were of a singularly romantic character.

Charlie Wholeheart, for such is the name by which I shall designate this victim, had started in life with every advantage on his side. Though his parents had died while he was yet a boy, he had been reared in plenty if not in luxury. He had passed through a leading college, had stood well in all his classes, had graduated with distinguished honors, and had been an athlete besides. On coming of age he had received an inheritance which, judiciously invested, would have afforded him a moderate competence all his life. Thus, possessed of an admirable physical constitution, an excellent education, and means sufficient to make drudgery unnecessary, he seemed fitted for any occupation to which chance or inclination should direct his attention.

The summer following his graduation he passed at a well-known summer resort; and upon the very day of his arrival he performed a deed of bravery which had a bearing, not only upon his own life, but upon that of another.

Some young ladies were in a rowboat, when one of their companions started in a skiff from the shore, to join them. When a little over a hundred yards from the beach, the ferry-boat plying between the hotel and the railroad station, came along and passed close to the skiff containing the young lady. The latter, upon seeing the steamer approach, thought her boat was in its track, and in her terror dropped the oars and started to her feet. As stated, the ferry-boat passed some little distance from her, but the swell caused the skiff to rock, and its occupant was thrown into the water. The girls in the adjacent boat set up a scream, but were too terrified to render assistance, and only one person on the ferry-boat had been a witness of the accident.

Charlie Wholeheart had seen the young lady fall into the water, and on the instant sprang to her assistance. He was compelled to swim some distance, and the girl had sunk probably for the last time, when he dived beneath the waves and reappeared upon the surface bearing her in his arms. He swam with her to the shore, where she was taken in charge, carried to the hotel, and in due time restored to consciousness.

Some days later the young lady discovered the identity of her rescuer, and an acquaintance followed.

The heroine of the adventure I have narrated I shall call Angela Trueheart. She was an orphan and the adopted daughter of a relative. She was beautiful and accomplished, and had many suitors for her hand. The natural result of an acquaintance, formed under the circumstances described, followed; and seemingly the lovers were well matched as concerned good looks, intelligence, noble qualities, position in society, and all that would serve to constitute an eligible marriage.

Upon the occasion of Charlie's first confession, Angela earnestly inquired,

"Charlie, is there any reason why I should not become your wife?"

"No," came the answer, promptly.

She hesitated a moment, and then asked,

"Charlie, do you drink?"

The young man colored slightly, but, without hesitation, replied,

" No!"

He did not mean to tell a lie; he did not consider that he was a drinking man; and, upon the instant, he had mentally resolved never to touch liquor again, and he considered the resolution a ground for the truthfulness of his answer.

"You will excuse me, Charlie, for asking the question," she said; "but I will make a confession. My father was a drinking man. He died a drunkard. For years he was what is called a moderate drinker. You know, Charlie, that in most cases the effects of drinking may for a long time be imperceptible; if one or two drinks, or even if one or two years, made a drunkard, men would awake to their danger; but often they discover it only when too late. It was so with my poor father. When

he learned his danger, it was too late; he could not save himself, nor could friends save him. He died a drunkard. And my noble mother, after years of suffering, died of a broken heart. Charlie, did you ever drink?"

- "I have tasted liquor!"
- "Do you crave it?"
- " No."
- "If I promise to become your wife, will you make me a promise—a solemn promise?"
  - "I will!"
  - "A sacred promise?"
  - "I will promise in the presence of Heaven!"
  - "You will never taste liquor again?"
  - "I never will!"
- "When I become your wife, I give up everything, for reasons I cannot explain to you now."

The young man laughed, and said, "Angela, if you have any fear that I will ever drink, my promise shall be transformed into a solemn oath."

"No, no, Charlie; I know I can accept your word. Your promise is sufficient; but, remember, it is to abide until death shall part us!"

"My darling, I swear!"

At the time Charlie made the promise he was sincere. He believed he did not care for liquor. Alas! like thousands, he did not know how occasional indulgence had undermined his power of will; what a hold thedemon had.

A year was to pass ere they were to be married, and during that time Angela saw her lover as frequently as is usual under the circumstances, and never had she discerned a reason for doubting Charlie's absolute adherence to his promise. But in the mean time Charlie had made a discovery he would not admit even to himself; and one of the reflex influences—deception—fol-

lowed. The gnawing appetite he had cultivated demanded occasional gratification. He did not drink much, or often; and he had learned to conceal the fact that he ever tasted liquor. But he did; and the appetite was kept alive.

The above was the condition of affairs when I became acquainted with my victim, and the narrative I have related thus far, I read from his own brain-record.

I went with him to his home. I was with him when dressing for the ceremony, and I sat safely ensconced in his brain when he took something to prevent his breath from betraying my presence. I went to the wedding, and lay concealed behind the mask my victim had provided; but I trembled when his lips were pressed to his bride's pure brow. And oh! what a terrible sight was the whole scene to me! I could read the future: that poor bride could not. Beautiful she was, and pure and trusting. Yet all her beauty, all her purity, all her simple trust in her husband, were of no avail to make me relent, to divert me from my purpose. Pity for her who was to be his victim could not induce me to release mine. Reader, would that I could here draw the veil! But no: I have set out to write a full confession, and I must finish the narrative.

I did not see Charlie Wholeheart for some time after his marriage, but I was not disturbed; I had seen what progress the habit had made with him, and I knew that in due time he would come back. He did, and in what a plight! He had met with a business reverse, and in his desperation his weakness was developed. Under such circumstances the moderate drinkers are always overcome; they may go on for years, but if reverses ever overtake them, moderation gives way to desperation, and desperation brings reckless indulgence.

When Charlie came into the bar-room I saw there was fever in his blood and in his brain; the craving for liquor was unappeasable save with gratification. What he needed at that moment was rest and exercise; an opportunity for his originally strong constitution to renew its strength; a legitimate calming-down of his nerves, until his disappointment had become less poignant, until the fever had subsided. But no; he was a slave. He came to me, and I was ready. I was anxious to go with him to his home and witness the result of the reflex influence upon the ill-fated wife.

When Charlie left the saloon he was crazed with drink. Never before had he reached such a stage of delirium. He had passed the line of deceit, he was deserted by the spirit of caution; the time had arrived when the mask was to be torn aside, when a revelation that would break a loving heart was to be made.

A friend—an obliging friend—was at hand to accompany Charlie home. I was a third member of the party. I did not show myself so as to be counted, but betrayed my presence by the manner in which I had put all the good qualities of my victim under subjection. He was no longer a man—I had transformed him into a beast.

We reached his home. The door was flung open. Angela was there, still beautiful. In her time had wrought no change. The friend led Charlie reeling into the room. I had held the door open for the pair. And what a revelation! There was manhood gone; everything that was ennobling gone! An animated mass of beastliness and idiocy fell at the feet of purity, refinement, and affection.

It was a terrible sight. The possibility of one such scene should eternally condemn the use of intoxicating liquors. But, alas! at the very moment the reader is

perusing these lines there are in progress thousands of just such terrible scenes.

The wife uttered a cry. It seemed to me as though that cry would reverberate through the space of heaven and cause angels to stand aghast with horror! ay, that it would penetrate the regions of perdition and force even Satan to drop one tear of pity!

As the cry fell from the parted lips, the wife recoiled with starting eyes, and features convulsed with agony. The mask had indeed fallen! And where was the promise—the sacred promise? It had been founded on a dream. It came of a resolution born in rottenness. As well might the worm crawling between the lips of a festering corpse promise life to the putrid mass from whence it crawls, as a victim of the Rum Demon when arrived at a certain stage of demoralization promise abstinence-the promise founded on his own strength. Whence can such strength come, when all the vitalities needed to nourish it are rotted out? Fragrance comes not from filth, nor strength from decay.

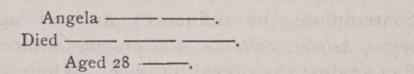
Would that I could even here draw the curtain! no; it is not a romance I relate, but a living experience -a life-drama. The end was soon to come.

A bottle from my barrel had been put away, that its contents might improve with age. As long as that one bottle remained unused, I was not released from my bondage. I will therefore anticipate my career in order to conclude this narrative.

Ten years subsequent to the incidents I have recorded, a bloated, prematurely old man came staggering into the bar-room. There are thousands of such to be seen wherever rum is dispensed. I recognized this man at a glance. It was the wreck of Charlie Wholeheart! And what a wreck it was! What a miserable remnant of the youth whose wedding I had attended just twelve years

previously! After many years I was selected to finish the work. I found my victim physically and mentally ruined. At best he could have survived not more than a few months. He was capable of but momentary exhilaration. Barely enough brain remained to give method to the madness of intoxication.

He stayed some time in the place. It was night when he went forth. I accompanied him. I had read his purpose and was anxious to see the end. I had witnessed the progress of the drama, and wished to behold the closing tragedy. He proceeded to the cemetery. It was a cold night, and the wind moaned mournfully through the trees. My victim walked along unmindful of the cold, regardless of the sad music and weird surroundings. He was not cold. No, no; his blood ran at fever heat; he had no ear for the sad murmuring wind. There was madness in his brain; and his bloodshot eyes sought but one object. He came to a halt beside a grave; a modest marble slab stood at its head on which was inscribed—

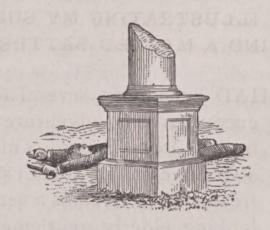


I read the record and thought that there should have been added after the "Died"—" of a broken heart!" While on the way to the cemetery I learned from the man's brain the incidents of the ten intervening years, the story of the sufferings of the beautiful girl whom I had seen standing before the marriage altar. She had drooped from the moment of the first revelation. A babe had come, but its life had been short. The mother lived on, a sad, broken-hearted woman. She did not die without a struggle. She had resorted to every expedient to reform and save her husband,—had been faithful, enduring, and even uncomplaining,—when his habits re-

duced them from affluence to poverty. She resisted the persuasion of friends who sought to induce her to desert him. She fought on, hoping against hope, and only gave up the effort when her strength failed, when deprivation and long vigils undermined her constitution. It was then Death stepped in and ended the conflict.

Reader, I have recorded a true story. I have but indicated the real horror. I have forborne to picture in detail hours, months, and years of heart-rending anguish. And yet the experience of Angela is but one of thousands. At this moment on every hand such experiences are in progress; and it seems almost incredible to state that the victims, not only have to carry on the fight unaided, but have arrayed against them all the influences that should of right be employed for their assistance. Society coldly turns aside and lets the combat proceed. Not seldom even Christianity stands indifferent. The law is against the right. The Press is on the side of the devil. Vice is strengthened on every hand, and virtue finds its enemies in the houses of its friends. It is terrible to contemplate the influences arrayed against suffering wives, helpless children, and praying mothers in their conflict against the prevailing vice. Where there should be succor and strength, there come indifference, subservience to custom, open recognition, sarcasm, and hosts of selfish arguments conceived in hell and circulated by fools. Too many of the latter, alas! the sly victims of secret indulgence in the allurements and palate-ticklings of the destroyer! If there is such a thing as contributory guilt (and there is), every living soul who lends countenance to the use of liquor as a beverage becomes, just to the amount of that influence, whether by direct contribution or through indifference, responsible for the thousands of murders committed under the reflex influence of the Demon of Rum.

But I must finish my tale! The madman stood a moment, his gaze riveted upon the mound. What his thoughts were, I cannot tell. His brain was in a whirl. Suddenly he placed a pistol to his forehead, and, with the report of the weapon, I glided forth from the bleeding corpse. My work was done.





## A NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATING MY SUBTLE WORK BEHIND A MASKED BATTERY.



HAD been busy several days, but had encountered no adventure worth recording until one Saturday afternoon when a victim came in whose case presented a fresh study. He was a very respectable-looking elderly gentleman. He was a

stranger in the place, and as he advanced to the bar looked neither to the right nor left, nor did he exchange any of the usual "chaff" with the bartender. He modestly called for his whiskey, drank it, and departed. I accompanied him, and to my surprise discovered that this victim was a church deacon, and consequently I shall call him Deacon Moderate. He was a rich merchant, a very careful man who all his life had used liquor in moderation.

Arrived at his home, I beheld every comfort. The Deacon thought liquor did not hurt him; he did not take enough. But here lay the mistake. Death was following close upon every glass, and in due time would assert itself although a mask should hide his secret even in

deatn. The physician would sign the death-certificate in due form, naming the cause of death, but not the cause of disease.

My arrival at the Deacon's home was at an opportune occasion. The Deacon's wife had long had something on her mind, and improved the instance of my presence to open up the matter.

"James," she said, "you do not take as active a part in

church meetings as you did formerly."

"No," answered the Deacon; "I wish to leave the field to the younger members."

A shadow fell over the wife's face as she said, "I fear you are becoming indifferent. I trust not; but it has struck me lately that there might be some reason for this coldness."

The wife had observed the Deacon's growing weakness, but hardly dared to come right out and say so. He had always been a good husband, and had never done anything openly inconsistent with his standing as a church officer. She had made her first move, however, and let the matter drop for the time being with the remark,

"There is to be a meeting to-night of the young people; they have invited all the older members to join with them in a special subject for prayer. I cannot go; will you?"

"Certainly," answered the Deacon; and at the usual hour he departed for the church.

Indeed the meeting had been convened for the purpose of special prayer. Some of the more earnest young men who were witnesses of the ravages of the Demon of Rum had called the meeting for united supplication for Heaven's assistance in the overthrow of the *Church's greatest enemy*.

I studied the singular emotions that agitated the

Deacon's heart when the special object of the meeting was announced. He was an officer of the Church, and supposed to be in full sympathy with all its holy and beneficent purposes. During the meeting it was clearly demonstrated by several speakers that Rum is not only the greatest enemy of the Church, but the deadliest foe of mankind. Many harrowing incidents were related; many fervent prayers ascended, supplicating Deity to stay the march of the ruthless destroyer.

During all this time the Deacon sat silent. And why? I had put a seal upon his lips. He could not ask God to grant the prayers that were offered up while he was a member of the enemy's grand reserve force of Moderates. He was a traitor to the cause in which he had enlisted, because he professed to serve the Lord and was secretly in the service of the Devil. He did not listen with feelings of humility; he grew angry and tried to feel that the petitioners were meddling with what did not concern them. He tried to think that Religion was one thing and Freedom of Conscience another. Mark the inconsistency in face of the fact that the whole army of rum-sellers send forth yells of defiance against the Church, assail it with sneers and smiles of derision, mock at its teachings and hurl anathemas upon its work. They proclaim the Church their bitterest antagonist; so, per contra, Rum must be the Church's worst foe. There is no disguising this fact, and there is no attempt to disguise it as far as the Rum-legions are concerned; but, alas! although the Church rules against the grog-shops, too many of its members are under their evil influence, and because of these few the earnest members are not permitted to array the Church as a foe in that pronounced manner to make its work as crushing as it would be otherwise. Such men as Deacon Moderate give the Devil a foothold even in the sanctuary of Religion.

The Deacon sat through the meeting, and felt called upon to pronounce the usual responses; and when the gathering adjourned he laid another sin on his soul—another evidence of my reflex influence. While conversing with a fellow-deacon, he dared, in order to cover his secret sin, to offer a pretended sympathy with the object of the service.

It was revealed during the meeting that a request had been made of the pastor of the church to make Total Abstinence the subject of his discourse on the following Sabbath.

Deacon Moderate went home. The lights in his house had been extinguished. Darkness prevailed. He retired, but could not sleep; the words he had heard worried him. The sense of religious duty was not altogether overcome. The Spirit was still striving—the good Spirit. Visions passed before his wakeful eyes, and memories were stirred up which brought sadness to his heart. He remembered a dearly-loved daughter who had died triumphant in the full faith. There came to him also the remembrance of a noble son who had been cut off at the threshold of manhood—a soldier of the Cross, as well as a soldier of the government for which he died.

The good angel lingered long and strove earnestly. The Deacon's better nature was brought to the front; he discerned that he was wrong. He saw that he was debarred by his secret habit from the fulfilment of his duty—he did not wear the full armor! Tears moistened his eyes, an involuntary prayer was breathed, and he dropped asleep.

Upon the following day he went to another church. It was the merest accident. He had previously promised a friend to go and hear a certain clergyman preach. I

accompanied him, and during the preliminary service I came forth and, while perched on the Deacon's head, took a survey of the congregation. I could pick out the individuals who were ranged on my side, and was surprised to find so many of them. Later on the mystery was explained.

The clergyman delivered his text. He was an able man; but judge of my amazement when I read in his eyes that he was Pastor Moderate—when I discerned that this captain in the Lord's army was also an officer in the Devil's reserve, and that the same lips which poured forth wisdom freely secretly drank in whiskey moderately. His text was those splendid words so often tortured and spread out to cover the use of liquor.

I will not attempt to reproduce the sermon in detail; but I will here state as a fact that this sermon was afterwards printed by an association of liquor dealers, and circulated as a tract in favor of rum and in opposition to those issued by the enemies of the traffic. What a use for a sermon! And what a rebuke to its author when it is known that rum-sellers claim it in support of what is termed their "strongest hold"!

During the course of the sermon the clergyman spoke of the necessity for moderation in all things—eating, enjoyments of every sort, and all manner of indulgences. He handled the text skilfully, and most of his positions were well taken, for moderation is an excellent thing, as the writer of the words intended it to be understood; and that is, moderation in all things that are lawful. He never intended it as a permission for even moderate indulgence in those things that are pernicious—indulgences which he so earnestly denounced in all his other admonitions. It is but the spirit of wilful malignity that would distort the text into a license!

Having illustrated the text in all its bearings, the clergyman touched directly upon the use of liquor, and dared to publicly give countenance to moderate indulgence. In the course of his remarks he said, "Should I ever discover that it or any other habit were making me its slave, I would free myself at once from its control, and if necessary eschew its indulgence absolutely."

I listened and laughed, for while he spoke I beheld a startling picture. Figuratively a serpent crawled forth from under the pulpit desk; slowly it wound its slimy folds around the man who would free himself when he discovered any habit was enslaving him. The serpent coiled and coiled, until its victim was encircled in such a manner that he could move neither hand nor footnot a finger, hardly a muscle. And as I gazed I recalled his words. It was at such a moment he would discover his peril and resolve to free himself, and would be powerless! And so it is with my poor victims. They discover their danger when it is too late; when the very forces they need for my extirpation have been undermined and destroyed. When the discovery is made, my work is too far advanced; they are in the folds of the deadly serpent. Their efforts to tear off his coils, if they depend solely upon their own strength, end in the unkept resolutions with which Hell is paved!

But observe the effect of this sermon upon Deacon Moderate. It resulted in speedily dispelling all of his good resolutions. The memory of son and daughter was shadowed over by the reawakened and licensed desire. He had what he most wanted—an excuse for his vice; and he received it from a quarter whence it should never have come. Just one word! It is not necessary for me to proclaim the evil rum accomplishes. I will only say that if it can destroy one life—bring desolation to one household—snatch one soul from heaven and dash it

down to perdition—it should be denounced by every man who believes in purity and virtue, who believes in God, a Saviour and heaven, a spirit of evil, and punishment for sin.

But to conclude. The Spirit still strove with the Deacon, but its work was of no avail. Rum's victim yielded to his weakness; he fell away from the extended arms of a Saviour, possibly to be grasped in the hands of a living God.





## A SAD NARRATIVE; OR, HOW A BRIGHT YOUTH TOUCHED, TASTED, AND FELL.



WAS down in my bottle. Business had been dull; there was nothing that particularly interested me. There was a party of old-time topers in the place; they were drinkers on principle; most of them fully aware that they were

throwing away health and life, but they did not care; they preferred the false pleasures of the cup in accordance with the pernicious Falstaffian doctrine of enjoying life by the way. They were selfish, cold-blooded rum-drinkers, who, without the inspiration of the Demon, were incapable of a thought beyond themselves and their own appetites. There are plenty of this class; they come to me naturally; I do not have to seek them.

Later on I was induced to come up to my cork. A party of young men entered, a gay, careless group, several of whom gloried in being "full of the devil." There was one among them, however, of a different type, a youth who, I saw at a glance, was naturally gentle and noble. He did not drink whiskey, only lemonade, and pleasantly endured the gibes and jeers of his companions. I hoped that he would hold to his resolution. I did not desire to be put to the service of destroying

him; but he was within the Devil's portals, and consequently in danger. It were better had he left his companions at the door. Going into a Devil's den even to drink lemonade is a perilous practice. As there is death in the air where miasma arises, so there is temptation when one permits himself to enter a bar-room.

The young man did not drink that day. I hoped he was saved; but a few days later he returned, and to my horror I saw that he permitted what is called a "stick," in the shape of a little port-wine, to be put in his lemonade. I could see later on, after he had drunk several lemonades with "sticks" in them, that he yielded to the exhilaration—a pleasant sensation to a novice, I admit.

The young man became a more frequent visitor. He was employed in a large mercantile house near by, and the young men who accompanied him were fellow-clerks. A month passed, and I observed that he came to like the "stick" in his lemonade. I could see that the work of demoralization had commenced. The little inflammations of the various organs were betrayed one day by a request that a "big stick" be put in his drink. Almost imperceptibly the appetite was growing. Another month passed, and I perceived that it would not be long before I should be called into service. The desire appeared to grow fast with this particular youth. It does with too many. I once knew a young man who at the end of six months from the time of taking his first drink became a confirmed drunkard. These cases are rare, but they do occur.

One day the youth of whom I write came in and remarked that he did not feel well. "I can fix you!" said the bartender. My bottle was taken down from the shelf, and the bartender made a palatable concoction, whiskey being the principal ingredient. The youth was

aware of the character of what was being prepared, but his moral courage had been weakened. He had not the power of will he had possessed a few months previously. He drank the preparation, smacked his lips after I glided between them, and immediately announced that he felt better.

I went with this poor boy to his home. His father was a worthy mechanic, a Christian man who had sought to bring up his son in the way he should go; but, alas! a father's precepts and example are not proof against the assaults of the Devil, when on every hand his reflex influence pervades, and other examples are presented where they should not prevail.

The youth sought to conceal from his parents the fact that he had drunk liquor. He knew how they abhorred its use, and how little they dreamed that their dear boy would ever come under its influence. Let me here say, that if a united church, if society, if all professing Christians, and if the law took the proper stand as concerns rum, such sons could not come under its influence. But when the law is subservient to the rum power, when society countenances the use of wine, when professing Christian employers drink moderately, all the proper safeguards are removed, the Devil has a clear field, and the home influence for good is overshadowed and overborne.

The young man really felt that he had done wrong, but he excused himself on the plea that he had not asked for it; that he took it merely as a medicine. Home influence was making its last struggle.

Upon the following day the youth did not take anything; but a few days later returned to his lemonade with a "stick" in it. At length one day he imagined he felt poorly again. He merely mentioned the fact, and the ever-ready bartender proposed to mix him another

preparation as a remedy. Conscience made an effort, but a faltering "yes" fell from his lips. Had he then said "no," the good influence might have won the victory; but that "yes" was the surrender of a strong citadel, and prepared the way for many surrenders.

Right here I will once more make an explanation. It may appear strange that a criminal should make the moral comments that attend this confession; but again I emphatically declare that I was sold into the service of the Devil. I never liked the work, no more than any other slave who is compelled to toil at the absolute will of another. I hated my master as any ill-treated slave hates a master. I hated the work, but it was my destiny to do it none the less effectively. I could not abate the evil any more than can the victim of contagious disease restrict and abate the infection that exhales to the destruction of those he most loves.

But to proceed with my narrative. The demoralization of the youth continued. His appetite increased day by day, and one afternoon, in company with a number of companions, he called for a "whiskey straight." He deceived himself with the impression that it was merely an act of bravado; but bravado was the mask, and desire the incentive. He went home that evening late. And now observe where I imposed another sin. He had returned late several evenings, and upon the one when the "whiskey straight" was the cause of detention his father asked what had detained him. Unblushingly the lad answered that he had remained at the store. The father, relying upon his own teachings and example, could not suspect his boy of telling a lie; and the success in deceiving the parent aided the Demon of Rum, as the youth presumed upon this first successful lie to remain later a few days subsequently, and upon this latter occasion he drank two "whiskey straights." A new

sensation was thrilling him; he began to feel himself quite a man, and did not realize that instead he was destroying his chances of ever becoming one, and upon this afternoon he laid the train for a new crime. He did not have money with him to pay for the liquor he drank, but ran in debt. He treated his companions several times, and the bartender was glad to trust him until Saturday.

On the Friday afternoon following, he became very anxious and uncomfortable. The bill he owed at the bar weighed upon his mind. He calculated his resources, and discovered that when he paid the whiskey bill his usual allowance would be exceeded by quite a sum. His father was a poor man. The Monday following was rentday, and the boy knew that his parent was in the habit of putting aside his wages against the rent. What explanation could he make to his father for the deficiency? He became nervous and worried, and at noon for the first time went alone to the bar-room.

Before going to the bar a suggestion had presented itself; but no, his whole moral nature protested against it. When he returned with the whiskey in his brain the temptation had a powerful ally.

In the house where he was employed he had charge of a petty cash account. He could readily draw against his following week's salary, and by not spending anything in the interval would be able to make good what he had borrowed. Here let me say that money borrowed without the consent of the lender is stolen every time, and although it may be repaid, the borrower is morally as guilty as he who actually steals and refunds through compulsion.

The temptation returned to the youth; he worried and fretted so that when night came he was in a very nervous condition; and his nervousness increased until it required

several drinks to quiet him, and thereby his debt to the bartender was increased.

When he appeared at the store next day and looked over his accounts he was appalled. The usual result followed. He went out and "braced up." I was doing my work well: it was a part of my business. When night came, under my influence, the young man had reached the "Oh, pshaw! it's all right!" condition. He took the money from his cash account, settled his bill, and paid his father his usual allowance. All that night, however, he suffered. He could not sleep, but tossed restlessly in his bed, and morning found him depressed and uncomfortable. All day that Sunday he was unhappy, but when night came he made a resolve—he contributed his first resolution for Hell's pavement by a determination never to drink another drop; and the resolve brought peace to his mind and sleep to his eyelids.

On Monday he appeared at the store, bright and cheerful, and remained so all day. When evening came, his companions prepared to visit the bar-room. The youth, whom we shall call "Henry," protested that he would go home. It took but little persuasion to induce him to stop just for a few moments to see the fun. The wily bartender received him with flattering attention. He was within the charmed circle, and before he knew it had ordered "a round" which was "slated" without a word.

When Henry started for home, the feeling of depression had returned. I will not continue the details of my subtle approaches, my undermining processes worked on the plan of allurement. Suffice it to say that when the following Friday arrived, Henry, instead of having saved the stolen amount, was deeper in debt, and consequently required a stronger "bracing up" to enable him to repeat the experiment of the previous week. Such are the usual results; and were the accounts of such transactions

recorded, it would stand: Returned, farthings: Unreturned and Stolen, millions of dollars. It is safe to say that not one in a thousand of such accounts is ever balanced by the return of what may be borrowed under such circumstances.

Henry did not, in one sense, suffer quite as keenly the second week as he did the first. He suffered, but his suffering came from fear, not from a sense of having done a wrong. His conscience was quieted; his fears increased and his nervousness was not abated.

A month passed, and he was far behind in his accounts. He had not made good one cent of the borrowed money, but had nerved himself by too frequent visits to the barroom. The moral aspect of the case had entirely ceased to present itself; it had become a question of physical safety. He was already practically a criminal, and like all criminals was driven to devices for defence.

He entered the bar-room one afternoon where some men whose acquaintance he had made there were gambling with dice. One reckless youth won several dollars. Henry's eyes bulged with envy. The successful gambler had won enough to settle Henry's accounts. A fresh temptation was presented. He beheld a possible method for getting out of his difficulty. As a winner he could straighten his accounts, and then forswear ever taking another shilling that did not belong to him. The idea haunted his mind; and, ensconced in his brain that night, I roamed around the central figure in his dreams, wherein he saw himself a winner, and in his sleep he chuckled with delight; but when he awoke in the morning and found it but a dream, the shadow again fell over his face—he was still a defaulter.

Henry appeared at the store at the usual hour, and when an opportunity offered, slipped out to obtain a drink. The dice-party had reassembled. The youth well, the devil always lets his doomed victim win at first. He appears to have unseen little imps at his command who fumble the dice and stock the cards. Having quit the game a few dollars ahead, Henry was informed that as winner he must "set 'em up." Observe how he had run into a new path of temptation. I had "set 'em up" by creating a new and fascinating necessity for more drink. Indeed, when once the demoralization sets in, every influence is directed in my favor; every breeze that fills the sail of a drifting human soul but drives it onward toward perdition. When Henry returned to the store he had but little of his winnings left.

Another month passed, and the processes I have described above were continued. At the end of the second month my victim was deeper in debt than ever; he had gambled again and been a loser, and was driven almost to madness by fear. Something must be done! He had visited a faro-room, and had lost. He was told that he was sure to beat the game in the end if he only stayed in long enough. The tempter was luring him on. Drink had led him to the first false step, and was steadily oiling the path down which he was gliding.

One afternoon there was to be a half-holiday. He "forgot" to place a considerable sum of money in the safe. He accidentally had it with him when he entered a faro-room. He played, and quitted the place penniless and partly intoxicated. Home influence, though sadly weakened, still faintly asserted itself. He walked the streets until all outward appearance of drunkenness had disappeared. When he returned home his father met him at the door. The latter's face was pale, betraying the fact that a terrible suspicion had been aroused in his mind. He called his son into the sitting-room and questioned him closely. Henry managed seemingly to

satisfy his father and allay his fears. He went to his room, but could not sleep, and after half an hour, urged by a burning thirst, started to go to the kitchen for a drink of water. As he passed his father's room door he thought he heard a voice. He stopped and listened. Yes, he did hear a voice, and its tones penetrated to his inmost soul. The father was praying for his son, asking God to save him if he was being led into temptation; and as he prayed, sobs of anguish, born of fear, interrupted the petition. Henry loved his parents, and he was heartbroken. But what could he do? In the face of frequent warnings he had crossed the threshold of a devil's palace, and once within the influence had been lured on and on until he had reached a point whence unaided he could not return.

The following morning the young man started for the store. At the corner he met one of the porters.

"Oh, Harry," said the latter excitedly, "don't go to the office!"

"What is the matter?" came the inquiry.

"Something is up!"

"What do you mean?"

"Poor boy! I am sorry for you. How could you do it? You're the last one I'd have suspected!"

"Tell me what you mean!" demanded Harry.

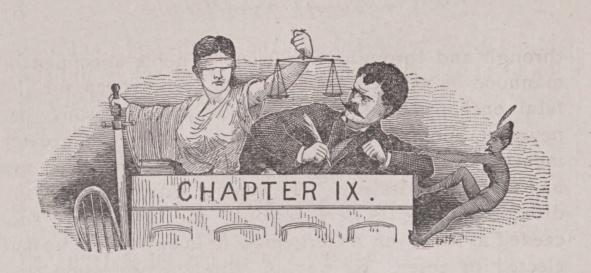
"Yesterday afternoon the firm made an examination of the books. They have found something wrong in your accounts. I would advise you to go and tell your father, and bring some one to go your bail. I heard them talk of an arrest."

Henry's blood turned to ice. He walked away, and a few moments later a haggard, terror-stricken youth entered a bar-room and called for whiskey. He poured out a quantity that caused the bartender to remark derisively, "We don't wholesale whiskey here!" He

paid no heed, but drank off the liquor and went out. Soon he appeared in another place and drank again; and so he wandered around from place to place until delirium had deadened all sense of terror; then he started for his home. In the car he fell asleep, and rode to the end of the route; when aroused and ejected, he wandered around aimlessly, but as the fever subsided his courage failed. Desperation set in. He strolled into the park; a few moments later a policeman passing a clump of bushes heard a pistol-shot. He ran to the spot, and found a well-dressed youth lying in the agonies of death. The suicide did not speak, and after a few moments he was dead. I did not see what followed. My work was done.

My readers can picture the agony of the father, the wail of the mother, when the dead son was brought in and laid at their feet. I will ask permission, however, to say one word. The father the previous night had asked the Lord to save his son. I make no comment. I merely propound this question: Did the Lord heed the prayer? Did He permit the tragedy to follow, that no more sin might be heaped upon that soul? And did He, in the last moments, when the Demon's work was completed, hear what no mortal ear heard—a last wail for mercy from an awakened spirit?





### I FIND A SHINING MARK. A NARRATIVE EMBODYING A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.



HAVE a relative in Jersey known as Jersey Lightning. I recall the relationship because of the appellation, it is so appropriate; I know of no better; the similation between the Demon of Rum and lightning is very striking, as both are

always sure to strike somewhere. The former sometimes passes over a generation, in rare cases two; but in the end he strikes. The poisonous germ must ripen, burst, and exude its death-dealing properties.

I was waiting for a victim, and as usual he came. I had a shining mark at last. A man possessed of a noble face and bearing, entered the bar-room and called for whiskey. To a mere casual observer he would not have betrayed the fact that he was a victim of rum; but I could see that he was an illustration of a peculiar phase of its power. Once within his system, I commenced my usual examination, and discovered that the undermining process was directed in this case more powerfully against the mental faculties than against the physical organization. With this man the disease was in the brain and not in the kidneys. I read him

through and through—and what a noble specimen of manhood he would have been, had it not been for the fatal enchantment! He was naturally generous, benevolent, and considerate, and the possessor of greater mental power than any victim it had hitherto been my bad fortune to destroy. He was not gifted in only one direction; his gifts were various. He could have succeeded as a lawyer, a clergyman, or in any sphere he had elected to enter. He was an editor, a profession that requires greater general mental gifts than any other. There is no class of men who wield the power for good or evil to a greater extent; and it is a remarkable fact that the printing-press and newspapers began just at that period in history when the reign of the people commenced and the absolute power of kings and emperors and feudal barons declined. Without the aid of the press the masses would have fallen back under the heel of imperialism. Such being the fact, there is no class of men in the community who face greater responsibilities. The power of the editor of a great journal in forming the opinions of the people is imperial; it should be wielded in leading the masses forward to what is brightest and best; his influence should always be cast against any evil that threatens the peace, comfort, and virtue of the people. Newspapers have a perfect right to their several particular political ideas, and are excusable if in a spirit of partisanship they go beyond the bounds of political conservatism; but outside of their political bias they should be one in sentiment in arraying themselves on the highest level in aid and defence of an advanced civilization. Therefore it is a surprise to me that nine-tenths of the journals of the United States are practically ranged on the side of the Demon of Rum, and in the face of the fact that there is no genuine excuse for such support, as in no way are they under obligations to the traffic in intoxicants. But what are the facts? The press hurls its ridicule upon every effort organized for assault against the great evil; and so potent is the power of ridicule that judges shrink from the performance of their duty, and upon the most frivolous pretext perpetrate flagrant wrongs against right and justice. "Temperance fanatics" is the favorite appellation of the press for those who make war on this traffic; and while their columns teem with horrors, the product of intemperance, they also teem with sneers at every effort made for its suppression. Why is this so? Is it because the newspaper establishments, from editors down to reporters, furnish so many victims? Or is it, as has been suggested, that if the traffic were suppressed one half of the news items would be ejected from the realm of reportorial research? I do not assume that this is true; but it is a fact that were the liquor traffic suppressed the daily accounts of murders, arsons, riots, and suicides would cease to a large extent, and editors and reporters would be compelled to fall back largely upon their imaginations for subjects of startling interest. If the press took the proper stand, the snivelling countenance given to the rum evil by other favoring influences would amount to naught-the press could kill the liquor traffic or drive it into limits that would cause it to die a natural death, and thus perform one of the grandest benefits humanity has ever received since the birth at Bethlehem. is most remarkable in the attitude of the press is the fact that, as a rule, editors are the most intelligent and practical of men as concerns other questions of public interest, and are ever ready to assail any other public evil, while bowing in abject subserviency to Rum. Again let me declare that when the press arrays itself on the side of the liquor interest, it stands committed to sympathy with the least intelligent and most selfish class in

the community—a class that would subject every other interest to their business; a class that has no sentiment, political or patriotic, which does not conserve the interests of their own trade. The attitude of the press, on the other hand, is against every heroic wife who is seeking to save a husband from ruin; against every parent seeking to save a child; every sister, to save a brother; every friend, to save a friend; against every poor miserable wretch that is sliding down to mental and physical ruin. Mark the inconsistency! The press hurls its anathemas against brothels, when without the inspiration of rum none would exist. It hurls its anathemas against opiumdens, gambling-saloons, and a hundred other evils that are practically but the outgrowth of the one great evilthe evil which is the cause of two thirds of all the misery and wickedness in the world—the evil of intemperance.

But I am forgetting my story. As I have said, save his one weakness, my victim was a glorious fellow; but alas! rum was his master. Here was a man, chief editor of one of the most powerful journals in the world, an intellectual autocrat, whose responsibilities as the formulator of opinion were imperial—a man whose pen could do more for good in one sentence than could the pen of a Vanderbilt signed to a check for thousands for the same object—a man who controlled the opinions of thousands—himself a slave! He had a powerful physical organization; he could be "full" and no one would know it. So well did he carry his "temperature" that not even his most intimate friends were aware how strong was his appetite, and to what excess he secretly indulged.

The phases of the influence of Rum are multitudinous; they can be masked for a time in a thousand ways; but as I stated at the opening of this narrative, they must strike somewhere, and too often fall upon the most innocent of the victims.

I will here ask, What can the ablest advocate of liquor say in its favor? Can any man point to an instance where it did any good save as a medicine, or when in the world's history it ever inspired a noble deed? By it the advance of civilization has been retarded. It has been a curse from the time the sons of Noah covered their father's nakedness until now; from the time when Alexander slew his friend Clitus in a drunken frenzy to the brothel-murder of yesterday! It was Rum that inspired Nero to burn Rome. It was Rum, if the record of their careers be true, that urged on Caligula and Caracalla to deeds of blood and wantonness. Drunken husbands have beaten and murdered their wives. Frenzied sons have beaten and murdered their mothers. Rum-crazed men have shot down and stabbed their best friends Besotted mothers have rolled upon and crushed to death their own offspring. Clergymen have fallen under its influence, and Potter's Field has covered them. It has led senators to the almshouse to die, and once famous statesmen have crawled off to remote corners to perish in rottenness! It has invaded the courts of justice, and judges have been dragged from the ermine to tatters and Professors have gone down under the curse, Nowhere does it enter where destruction does not follow. Crazed by Rum, the incendiary applies the torch. Murderers nerve themselves with it for deeds of blood, and burglars "brace up" with it when starting upon their depredations. It has caused crews to mutiny on ships in mid-ocean. Gallant soldiers under its influence have become assassins, ravishers of innocence, and pillagers. Turn in every direction and its ravages greet your Jails, lunatic asylums, and almshouses extend their roll-lists of victims. And every river flowing by a

great city daily casts up the ghastly corpse of some poor slave of the dreadful appetite. It is the father of cripples and the mother of disease. From the courts of kings to the cabins of peasants it has rolled along its bloody track, crushing victims as it rolled, and leaving trails of horror and misery on every hand. And this is the evil the press countenances! And the men who would destroy this hydra-headed monster are called "cranks;" and when they appear as prosecutors before some petty judge, they are ridiculed and mocked! All the world cries reason and moderation when there is no "reason and moderation" in the use of liquor. Every gale that blows from north, east, west, or south brings to our ears records of horror and the groans and shrieks of thousands of victims to whom "reason and moderation" was but a mockery and a snare.

The editor, my victim, was blind to his own danger. I went with him from the bar-room to the sanctum. I looked through his eyes upon the page where he wrote a scathing article against a prohibition law at that time before the legislature. Yes, prohibition! this is the scheme that causes the indignant blood of personalliberty lovers to boil. And yet they hide their eyes to the fact that a million graves have been made within a decade whose occupants, if permitted to come forth, would range themselves under a banner inscribed with this legend: "Prohibition would have saved us!" An aweinspiring procession it would be! The murderer and murdered would walk arm in arm. Gamblers and suicides, a host of victims, would swell the ranks, and the rear-guard would be made up of children of different ages; those who had been starved, beaten, and crushed to death; those who had been born to die of loathsome diseases. Well might they cry, "Prohibition would have saved us all!"

I made the acquaintance of my victim, the editor, at a good time. He was on the verge of delirium; he had indulged until his veins were bursting in the struggle between rum and blood for free course; and in his fevered madness he drank again and again, even after his ndignant stomach struggled against the poison.

I stuck to him. I had become inured to tragedies, and I desired to see the downfall of a noble intellect and the blasting of a great career.

It was midnight when he entered his room to work. He could not sleep: his nerves were unstrung; he must work. Madness was in his brain, delirium in his eye. He sat down to his desk, closed his eyes, and pressed his hand against his throbbing brow. Then he essayed to write. His hand was extended armed with the pen, when suddenly, with a shriek of horror, he sprang to his feet, and staggered back with starting eyes! The clotted brain had lost its balance; imagination, its helm. Poison rioted in his eyes as on his desk he beheld a million wriggling snakes! To him, poor soul, they were real; the reason of moderation had deserted him when he most needed its controlling and regulating influence.

He ran wildly from the room, started to descend the stairs, but in his terror lost his calculation, and made a false step. Down he pitched head first to the landing below, and struck his temple against a projecting corner. There he lay; there came a few gasps, and the snakes were gone—he was dead!

Well, the body was found. The verdict was accidental death, apoplexy or an attack of vertigo! Such was the explanation. It might have been either, to serve as a mask for the true cause.

It was pitiful to read the obituaries. "Cut down in the prime of life, in the full vigor of physical and intellectual strength!" I laugh. All these the man had sacrificed. His talents had been largely used in defeating the very measures that would have saved his own life, that would have saved the thousands who have died since from the same cause, and those who at this very moment are under the shadow of a similar fate.



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# I TRIUMPH OVER THE LAW, MAKE A MOCKERY OF A STATUTE, AND A FARCE OF JUSTICE.



HE owner of the bar-room in which I was dispensed was an excellent representative of his class; in ordinary affairs an honorable man, punctilious in the payment of his debts, and, singularly enough, a man who did not himself use the poison

he sold to others. He was a good father, was proud of his family, and provided them with every comfort.

I remember one day when he brought to the saloon two handsome boys who were introduced as his sons; fairer children I never saw. The visit to the bar-room was a novelty to them, and they romped and played with childish innocence and freedom, the admiration of all who saw them, including their father, in whose eye I saw the gleam of fondness and pride. In the afternoon the mother called for the boys and took them home with her. She was a woman of great beauty, and, like her children, appeared innocent and loving. But what followed?

I have several times intimated to my readers that I was bottled and held for a number of years to improve by age. It did soften me to the taste, but venerability did not lessen my vigor. I was thus preserved. however,

in bondage to witness the events that followed, and among the foreshadowings that I later on saw develop into accomplished facts was the after-fate of the two beautiful children and their lovely mother. I relate a true tale. I set naught down in malice, nor do I make a record for effect. It is not necessary, in reciting the history of the work of the Demon of Rum, to fall back upon the imagination for the manufacture of horrors; they lie in the Devil's track on every hand.

The two sons became drunkards and died of a loath-some disease. The father dodged the penalty of his business and it fell upon the two innocent children. The mother also became a drunkard, and the man who had aided in sending so many poor women to the almshouse was compelled in after-years to send his own wife to an asylum. Yes, he escaped the penalty, but saw his two boys rot to death before his eyes, their very beauty of person aiding in inviting the allurements that resulted in their destruction.

The owner of the bar was an avaricious man and opened his place on Sundays in defiance of the law. I use the word defiance, but, after all, the law is, in effect, but a dead letter.

The fact that bar-rooms do such a large business when an entrance to them is difficult is another testimony to the readiness of the Devil to favor the weak side of humanity. An unenforced law against the liquor traffic is but a device in his favor. He cultivates that spirit of egotism which leads men to rush into bar-rooms that pretend to be closed. The very fact of being admitted allures them with the idea that their admission is a recognition of their importance; it classes them as "thoroughbreds" who will give "nothing away," and makes them feel that they belong to the favored few, the "recognized;" a feeling akin to that which makes men value

so highly a complimentary ticket to a place of amusement,—they enjoy the distinction, as does the owner of the place enjoy bestowing it, because it wooes "shekels" to his "till."

One day my dispenser was arrested; the owner of the place was not present, and the bartender was "taken in" as a violator of the law, and at once there followed the usual unseemly exhibition. The man became a hero; bail was furnished at once, and when he was released sympathizing friends surrounded him. The usual hue and cry arose about the invasion of personal rights; the law was denounced equally with the meddlesome tyranny of Sabbatarians. Even the judge expressed his sympathy and acted as though he felt ashamed to enforce the requirement of bail, and did so simply because it was the law; while he smiled benignantly on the prisoner, he frowned upon the accuser and treated him with formal and frigid politeness.

A few days later, the trial for the violation of the law took place. I was in court. The bartender was compelled to "brace up" for the ordeal—that is how I got there and became an observer of the proceedings. Well, the Devil had his agent in the chair. The judge's face told how rum rioted in his veins, as the excess of the poison bloomed in disgusting blotches on his cheek.

The accuser was an elderly man possessed of a benevolent countenance, on which was impressed an expression of courage and determination; a large amount of both qualities was needed to enable him to stand there and do his duty. He had not a friend in court; even the wretched women awaiting sentence for drunkenness leered at him with contempt; miserable wretches of men loathsome with filth stood aloof as they would from a leper. And what were the facts?

The gentleman who made the complaint had no per-

sonal interest in the affair. Selfishly speaking, it did not concern him if men would drink and go down to destruction. He stood there the most prominent illustrator of disinterestedness possible. He had nothing to gain for himself in facing the ridicule he was compelled to encounter. He was unselfishly facing the judge's sneers, the abuse of counsel and witnesses, in the interest of those who had become slaves to a pernicious habit. If other men were struggling in mud, he was walking on dry land: it did not benefit him personally to go down in the mire and seek to save men who were sinking.

It is one of the strangest phases of human experience, the manner in which men caress and fondle the slimy serpent that is slowly coiling around to crush them to death; from its scaly skin there appears to exhale a moral malaria which pervades the atmosphere and floats a deadly poison, fatal to every manly sentiment, to all sense of honor and right. Under its influence judges become mere caricatures in their sacred office. Under its influence they turn to ridicule the laws they are appointed to administer, they falsify their oaths and thus become practically criminals themselves.

The accuser told his story. He related how he had entered the place on a holy Sabbath-day and had seen liquor sold and money paid for it. His statement was clear and positive, and being a disinterested witness, having no personal purpose to serve, his testimony should have been received with proper respect and attention. But such was not the case. The judge listened with impatience, and on every hand the witness was greeted with muttered derision.

What is the unseen influence that thus shadows men's minds? Within the hour that same judge had witnessed enough misery and crime, the result of rum, to cause his blood to run cold. He had beheld the effects of the

evil in every imaginable form, and from his bloated lips had come words of reprimand and advice. And there he sat frowning with contempt upon the brave accuser, who, without pay, in the face of abuse and revilings on every side, gave his time and spent his money to make impossible just such cases as "his Honor" had been reproving.

The testimony of the accuser was completed and the counsel for the rum-seller commenced his cross-examination. He asked.

"At what hour did you sneak into this gentleman's place of business?"

"It was about ten o'clock in the morning."

"On Sunday morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"As you are such a good Christian, why were you not at church at that hour instead of prowling around to meddle with other people's business?"

The sally of the counsel was received with laughter. Even the blistered lips of the judge curled in a smile, while in a calm and unruffled manner the witness answered,

"I considered I was doing my duty as a Christian in seeking to have the laws which concern the Sabbath observed."

"And you consider it a part of Christianity to meddle in other people's business?"

Again there followed a laugh. The witness remained silent and the counsel continued,

"You say you saw whiskey sold?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind?"

"Bourbon."

"How do you know it was Bourbon?"
The witness smiled pleasantly and said,

"The customers called for Bourbon, and as the bartender was there to sell liquor, I suppose that he supplied his customers with what they called for."

The counsel laughed; also the judge, the jury, and the witnesses for the defence. They had a jolly time all around and the unseen master of ceremonies—the Devil—joined in the merriment with a broad grin.

"Your Honor," said the counsel, "I demand that this case be dismissed. The witness has the impudence to come here and swear that he supposes it was whiskey that the men drank, because he thinks it was whiskey he heard them call for. Why, your Honor, it is a mockery of justice, an invasion of the rights of citizens, that on such evidence an honorable man can be dragged into a court of justice!"

The counsel's eyes brightened, his voice floated a magnificent emotion as he stood there the champion of a citizen's rights, and the faces of the assembly attested their indignation at the idea of such an outrage.

There must be some deference paid to a limited public opinion. Those who were in sympathy with the accuser must have a little recognition, but it was a very little they received. It was all right; the counsel understood it, so did the accused; they had no hard feelings against the judge when he refused to dismiss the complaint; they knew it would come out all right in the end in the interest of free rum and Sabbath-desecration; and it did.

The lawyer resumed his cross-examination.

<sup>&</sup>quot;You say you heard the men call for whiskey?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yes, sir."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Is your hearing perfect?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;It is good."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Did you taste the liquor yourself?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;No, sir."

- "Have you ever tasted liquor?"
- "Yes, sir."
- "When?"
- "Twenty years ago. I was once a drinking man, but the Lord came to my rescue and I was saved."

There was the light of righteous enthusiasm in the eye of the witness, and strong emotion thrilled his voice.

- "The Lord saved you?" queried the lawyer in a derisive tone.
  - "Yes, sir."
  - "Well, he didn't save much!"

This last blasphemous taunt was received with yells of laughter, the judge and jury joining in the merriment; and the former did not appear called upon to protect a witness whose only purpose was the saving of lost men.

I will not continue the recital. All who read the daily papers are familiar with the scenes that occur in the police-courts.

The judge had refused to dismiss the case, and it was necessary to produce several witnesses for the defence.

A man took the witness chair. He was a well-to-do tradesman, and the counsel asked,

- "Were you in Mr. B.'s place on Sunday last?"
- "Yes, sir."
- "Why were you there?"
- "I am a member of a lodge, also a member of the charity committee; we had a meeting last Sunday."
  - "Is Mr. B. a member of that committee?"
  - "Yes, sir."
  - "And you met at Mr. B.'s store?"
  - "Yes, sir."

The counsel looked around like a Roman tribune about to pronounce a decision in the interests of the people. With studied emphasis he said,

"Observe, your Honor, a few gentlemen were gathered in the interest of charity, utilizing the holy Sabbath for the benefit of widows and orphans, when this snake-inthe-grass, this sneaking wolf in sheep's clothing, steals in and then goes forth and makes this monstrous charge."

The counsel drew himself up to watch the effect of his words, and men who had got beastly drunk on that Sab-

bath-day glowered their indignation.

- "Did you see anything drunk while you were there?"
- "Yes, sir."
- "What?"
- "Water."
- "Water from bottles?"
- "No, sir; water from pitchers."
- "You saw the gentlemen pour water into glasses and drink it?"
  - "Yes, sir."

The counsel turned round and loftily said,

"Did one ever hear of such an outrage? Gentlemen assembled on a Sabbath in the interest of charity, are dragged into court as malefactors!"

The judge frowned with indignation, so did the jury and the miserable court loungers. They all frowned, even the Devil frowned. The idea of such a thing! positively the idea of dragging such an innocent and inoffensive citizen into court on such a charge! I laugh. I repeat the scene just as it occurred. Please observe the subtlety of the counsel; how well he guided the witness; the latter did not tell a lie, he did not perjure himself. He did see water drunk, poured from a pitcher, pure Croton; he did not tell, however, that he had seen whiskey poured into the glass first, and that it was water and whiskey he saw drunk. He did not so testify; and had an opposing counsel questioned him on that point he would have fallen back upon the stereotyped evasion,

"he did not remember." The great bar to the administration of justice is this loss of memory. Witnesses conveniently remember what is pertinent to their own interest—forget all else.

The case was given to the jury; they rendered a verdict for the defendant without leaving their seats, and assumed a lofty air as though they had done a righteous act. Satan also held his head aloft. Judge and jury were his tools; there was not one man present who did not conscientiously believe that liquor had been sold and the law violated, but they looked upon the law as an invasion of personal rights, and gloried in defeating it. Thus again virtue found enemies when it should have found friends and defenders.

Again I laugh. The judge went so far as to rebuke the accuser; applied to him the term "meddler." It was the devil's day, and will be his day as long as there are Mr. Moderates, Deacon Moderates; clergymen who preach temperance in all things; judges who drink; witnesses and juries who drink; and while all of these give support and countenance to the evil that is destroying them and their friends by thousands.

My man was acquitted, and that afternoon the judge dropped down to the place and drank and hobnobbed with a man who, if the former had performed his duty, would have been an inmate of a jail.





### HOW THE PENALTY FELL UPON A MAN WHO NEVER GOT DRUNK.

OME days after the trial in the courtroom, I was waiting for something startling—a new phase. For a long time I
had been administering to merely conventional cases. I desired a thrilling
exhibition of my influence, and it came

with the entrance of a man who was a frequent visitor in the place. I had paid little attention to him previously. This was a type not worth recording, but as he came forward on the day in question I experienced a premonition of approaching excitement.

Mr. Subtle was a cautious man, and, as I have intimated, a conventional type of a bar-room habitué. He owned a pair of small gray eyes, a short, well-nourished form, and presented the appearance of a man who felt pretty comfortable. He ran a successful business, and was apparently at ease with the world, himself, and the devil. His peculiar hobby was his self-control; he prided himself on the fact, as he declared, that he had never been really intoxicated in his life. He pretended to

despise a man who "got drunk," looked upon him as a poor, weak fool. "Look at me," he would say; "when I have got enough I know it and quit. A man who can't quit when he has got enough should not drink."

He was a jolly fellow; laughed in a loud and boisterous manner, pretended to be very free-hearted and liberal, was always ready to "set 'em up," and gloried in the
bar-room distinction he thereby earned, as he was eagerly
welcomed by the hungry gang that usually hang around
such places. He was a favorite with the bartender, who
always chaffed with him and extended the usual adulation enjoyed by such men as Mr. Subtle, who on their
merits could not otherwise attract even passing attention.

Immediately after the first drink he was surrounded by the usual clique of sycophants, and his oraculism commenced. He expressed his opinion on this subject and on that. Everybody agreed with what he said, and his coarse wit was greeted with laughter and plaudits. He pronounced judgments political, theological, and judicial, and delivered his opinion of men and measures to a lot of poor "eight-o'clock-sharp-to-morrow-morning" fellows, who stood by pouring liquor into stomachs that were empty of everything else. Subtle enjoyed the distinction and became proportionately self-important.

While the scene above described was in progress a young gentleman entered, a tall, fine-looking fellow. I knew him well and shall call him Mr. Hotblood. I had once accompanied him to his home. His wife was an energetic, brave, and excellent woman. He had been drawn within the charmed circle of rum's allurement, but neither constitutionally nor mentally was he adapted to become a moderate drinker; he was too imaginative; his blood was too warm; his normal pulse-beat was ninety. When sober, he despised liquor and despised

the class of men who frequent bar-rooms; and when free from the influence, really enjoyed a purer and better atmosphere. His wife, as I have intimated, was a brave Christian woman; she had sought to save her husband, and had stood a barrier between him and evil associations; she had exercised patience, endurance, and courage, had thereby to a certain extent controlled his appetite, and she was gradually drawing him back from the grasp of the devil.

I had gone home with him one night, and even now I recall the shudder that passed over the poor wife's frame when his breath betrayed my presence; and, despite the pitiful picture on one hand, I laugh even now at the remembrance of his attempts to conceal the fact from her that he had brought the devil home with him. He thought he had succeeded, but his very efforts would have betrayed my presence even if his breath had not previously revealed the fact. He talked to prove how rational he was, but talked too much; repeated himself, and I saw the shadow deepen on the wife's face. The agony that swelled her heart was but poorly relieved by the long-drawn sighs that involuntarily struggled from her lips. It was evident she did not wish to speak, that she had determined to suffer in silence; but she could not restrain the tears that leaped to her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Kate, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Willie!" she cried, and, rising from her seat, ran and threw herself upon his bosom.

"What is the matter?" the hypocrite again de-

She answered, "You know what the matter is, poor, poor man! Oh, what will become of you? what will become of me? You do not love me—you cannot love me or you would not cause me this anguish."

Willie saw that he was betrayed; his volubility had not saved him. He did love his wife, and he said,

"Kate, I'll own up; I did drink a little to-day, but it's the last time."

"Oh, Willie, how often has it been the last time? I tremble to think that when the last time really does come my heart will be broken."

"I mean it now, Kate."

"My dear, I give you credit for always meaning it when you say it, but the appetite is stronger than your will. Can you not realize how strong it is when you can cause me this agony, imperil the future of your children, and suspend your own soul over the abyss of perdition? Oh, Willie, Willie, what can save you? If your appetite is stronger than your love for wife and children, I fear you are a doomed man."

"Well, now, you just wait and see."

Three months passed. Willie happened to enter the bar-room on the day that Mr. Subtle was holding forth in all his glory. The men were acquaintances, and the moment Subtle beheld Willie Hotblood he invited him to drink.

"No, thank you, I am not drinking," was the answer.

"Nonsense! take something with me."

Willie had abstained for three months, but, alas! he had ventured within the charmed circle; he had entered where the air was permeated with temptation. He of all men had no business there; and he knew it. When he yielded to an invitation to go in and merely take a cigar, he afforded the devil an opportunity. Subtle urged him to drink, and Willie yielded so far as to take a lemon soda. The soda was the devil's first coil. The second slimy circle was made when the young man was induced to join the group. The odor of liquor pervaded the place. A dozen men were exhaling its fumes, and its spell was betrayed

when the tempted man fell into the talk and swagger of the occasion. Meantime Mr. Subtle kept urging him to take something. At length he yielded; the fumes had gone down and stirred up the old inflammations and made possible the declaration that has proved the death-sentence of so many doomed men.

"I don't care if I do take just one drink."

He took it. To him it was like the first taste of blood to a half-starved tiger. When the resolution is overcome for the first drink nature can make but a feeble struggle against the second. He drank the second. His eyes began to glaze, his cheek to redden; and with the third drink his voice was raised; his usual dignity fled; he became the loudest and wildest talker of the party.

Young Hotblood was naturally a man of decided opinions. Liquor made him aggressive and obstinate. He boldly disagreed with Mr. Subtle. He was the only person present who dared dispute the bar-room Mogul. Mr. Subtle became offensive and satirical; used the words "fool" and "no gentleman," and expressed his disgust with a man who could not drink a drop or two without getting drunk.

Did Subtle forget that it was he who had urged the fiery madman to take the first drink? No; but his subtle nature was only his own defence; it did not serve to shield another.

The two men became angry towards each other. Hotblood waxed furious. The quarrel drifted into a bitter dispute. Insulting language passed. The maniac—whom Subtle had made a maniac—became abusive and provoking. The man who never got drunk, who controlled his appetite for liquor, could not control his temper, and in a moment of sudden anger he struck the madman! A tragedy followed. There came a pistol-

flash, a report, a shriek, and Mr. Subtle fell dead, while Willie Hotblood stood with the smoking pistol in his grasp, a red-handed murderer, guilty before the law that recognized, aided, and abetted the sale of a fluid which alone could have goaded him on to the bloody deed.

The crowd of drinkers stood aghast, while Subtle lay with the life-blood oozing from his wound. And poor Willie Hotblood! I was in his brain and responded to the first tremor that swept over his frame as he realized what he had done. I grew cold in his heated blood; and, as I cooled, there came to him one thought, "My poor wife! My poor wife!"

She, indeed, had cause for tears. Her husband had taken his last drink. In his case the demon's work was done.

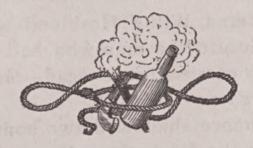
The police entered, Willie Hotblood was led off to prison, and Mr. Subtle, the man who had never walked home drunk, was carried home dead—the victim of the maniac he had lured on to madness!

The reflex influence shadowed two homes. One was in mourning over the dead; the other under a situation even more agonizing than the presence of death.

Again I wish it understood that I present no imaginary picture, but a real incident. And the same scenes are of daily occurrence. Society still smiles, the law still recognizes, a few preachers still preach, temperate indulgence, while the devil grins and goes on with his work. And he is the busiest agent among men!

I went to prison with Willie Hotblood. I was with him when first left alone. He sat with his head buried in his hands, and groaned and moaned in agony. I was there when the wife came, looking like a statue in the whiteness of despair and the coldness that wrapped her suffering frame.

On this picture I will not dwell. The law that winks at the curse must punish the cursed. The devil is countenanced. It is his victim that must suffer. And this is the satire on consistency which is hailed by the advocates of personal rights as their political religion.





## A NARRATIVE WHEREIN I MAKE A REVELATION AND UNCOVER A FAMILY SKELETON.

RAGEDIES were coming under my observation thick and fast. It has been suggested that there are epidemics of certain crimes, but the rum evil does not come under that heading; its work goes on steadily; it is a perpetual epi-

demic of evil. Morning, noon, and night witness its ravages; and so every hour will contribute its chapter of horrors until all the influences that now favor and countenance it are combined for its suppression.

I was seated on my cork. A group of men were standing in front of the bar; they were discussing a great riot that had occurred in London. One gentleman read the account aloud, and one statement particularly fixed my attention. The cable brought the news one day that the mob had not proceeded to violence, because they had not been plied with liquor. A cable on the following day announced that they had commenced a series of wanton outrages, because they had been plied with liquor, and, once started, they secured more by raids on liquor-saloons, until they were inflamed to fury and bent on acts of incendiarism, robbery, and murder.

I laughed. These men standing in the bar-room, were at that moment pouring down their throats a liquid without which great mobs are harmless. The newspaper account proved that it requires only the inspiration of rum to urge men on to deeds of violence.

In the same journal the reader found another significant item which he also read aloud; and I desire my readers to mark the incident, as the court records will prove that it was but one instance of what is a universally recognized fact. The police had made a raid on a number of brothels and had arrested their female proprietors, and in every case the bondsmen of these moral lepers were liquor-dealers, thereby establishing the connection between the two evils, as I have claimed all through this confession.

Among the group of listeners was a pleasant-faced man. He drank several times and appeared to appreciate my superior merit, as when ready to depart he purchased a bottle, and I was carried to his home.

Before sitting down to his meal he took an appetizer, and I was permitted to study his history. He was an excellent man; all his natural impulses were good, and I wondered how he ever became a drinker, until I read the record from his brain, and there learned that the influence had been carried from across seas.

This victim was a native of England. His father was a good churchman, and according to a prevailing custom had liquor at meals for his family and furnished it to his servants. Thus, I discovered that my victim had been brought up from boyhood to use liquor, and was one of the finest specimens, under all the circumstances, of a moderate drinker I had yet encountered.

At the time I made his acquaintance he was in the prime of life, just forty, and for nearly that number of years had been a consistent moderate drinker. He was

a church-member and active worker in the Sabbath school, and a successful merchant.

The night I went home with him was a church-meeting night, and with him I proceeded to the meeting. The pastor of the church was a true pastor, one who felt that he had been set over his people to warn them against every evil. He was a fearless pastor, and felt compelled to assail sin in any form that it was permitted to imperil the members of his charge. He looked upon the use of liquor in the true light as a practice that not only obstructed Christian effort, but one that imperilled the soul. Upon every opportune occasion he inveighed against it as earnestly as he did against any other violation of the decalogue.

My victim, although a good and kindly man, disagreed on this question with the pastor, whom in his heart he loved. He felt that the clergyman had a hobby, and was willing to take a little dose of the hobby once in a while; but upon the evening of which I write the good pastor was particularly earnest. He spoke in plainer terms than he had ever spoken before. He appeared determined, if possible, to drive the wolf from his fold.

My victim and several others became offended and left the meeting, as a rebuke to the pastor for his meddle-someness. The latter was not to be silenced, however, and in his concluding prayer pointedly supplicated that the eyes of those in danger might be opened to their peril.

My victim returned home. He found his wife not feeling well: she was not ill, but a little nervous and depressed. She was a lady of culture and of a decidedly nervous temperament. I discovered also that, like her husband, she was kindly in her disposition and exceedingly charitable, sympathetic with and helpful to the needy in every direction. She was also in every sense a

lady. She had been reared differently from her husband; she was an American by birth, and had been taught to avoid the use of liquor; and during her married life up to the time that I made her acquaintance, although countenancing her husband's indulgence, had not herself indulged. Her husband was so good, so loving, and so discreet in his use of liquor that she had not discreed the peril.

On the night when her husband returned from the church meeting he said,

"You are not feeling well; let me give you a little whiskey; it will do you good!" He poured some into a glass and continued, "Here, take this!"

The wife did take it.

Later on I returned to the bar-room and went forward with my work. It was two years before I returned to that house. One night the husband entered and called for a bottle of whiskey. There were several bottles from my barrel remaining, some of those I have previously mentioned as having been put aside to ripen with age; and thus once more I visited the home above described.

Upon this my second visit, after the lapse of two years, I made a sad and startling discovery. I had been purchased, not for the husband's use, but for that of the wife. Upon the following day I was introduced into her system and permitted to take observation. Having been there once before, I determined to study what progress had been made, and beheld a sight that would have frozen the heart of a demon if he had possessed a heart to freeze.

Two years had done wonders in the way of wrecking a good and generous woman. I read the record, how from the night her husband had said, "Take this!" she had progressed to say, "Give me that."

It was the old story. The sensations following the

first glass were new to her; the exhilaration was delightful, and as she was of a peculiarly nervous temperament the work of the fiend was rapid. Thus I became a witness to a singular and startling phase of rum's influence.

After her husband's departure for his business one day, the wife, who was nursing a young child, resorted to her bottle. She drank several times, and when afternoon arrived was partly intoxicated. Orders had been given that she would receive no visitors, as she was "ill." Visitors came; they were refused at the door. The poor woman lay in bed, and the cause of her illness stood upon a table at the bedside.

It happened that it was the nurse's afternoon out, and the mother was left in charge of her babe. She took the infant to bed with her, though she was conscious that she had momentarily deprived herself of her usual strength and motherly capacity. She fell into a maudlin slumber, and when the fumes of the liquor were partly slept off, she awoke. Her first thought was of her child. She looked, and a scream burst from her lips as her eyes fell upon a little stiffening corpse. In her drunken sleep she had rolled over upon the babe and had smothered it to death.

The mother's screams brought the cook from the kitchen. The latter was despatched for the doctor. He came, and the mother told how the poor child had been taken with a sudden convulsion and had died.

The doctor examined the little corpse, and a shadow fell over his face. He sent the servant from the room. The mother and the physician were alone. The latter fixed his eyes upon the unwitting murderess. She cowered under his glance. Despair and terror filled her heart. She saw that the doctor read the truth—the child had died of a convulsion, but the convulsion had been superinduced by suffocation.

The distracted mother dropped to her knees, tears streamed down her face, a wail went up from her lips, and she uttered one despairing appeal, "Spare ME!"

The doctor stood a moment lost in deep and serious thought. He knew it was not a wilful murder—it was an accident! He well discerned how the accident had occurred, and the question arose, what should he do? The lady was of high social position. Before the law she was innocent; she could not be legally punished for her criminal indulgence. As she knelt at his feet she was more to be pitied than rebuked at that moment. The doctor did pity her: he hoped it might prove a lesson; she was cultured and beautiful, but weak. She had been tempted, and had fallen into the grasp of the tempter.

"Spare me!" she repeated in tones that thrilled his inmost soul.

The appeal would have softened even a colder heart. The physician's eyes were moistened with tears as in a husky voice he said,

"I will keep your secret!"

It was a promise that could be easily kept. The poor mother's arm had but lain across the child's mouth and had stopped its breathing; the outward appearance, to an inexperienced observer, readily confirmed the statement that it had died in a convulsion.

It was a terrible moment, however, for the mother; she was safe against exposure, but language cannot portray her inward agony. The husband was telegraphed for; neighbors were called in; the usual sympathies were expressed, and the formalities attending such an occasion followed.

The mother stole away, weeping, to another room; she had previously carried the bottle there to conceal it; her eye fell upon it, and, alas! the usual result followed. The tragedy, instead of killing the craving, created it; the

horror of the situation carried the necessity, to a woman who had brought herself to such a condition, for something that would temporarily stifle all remembrance. It is one of the properties of liquor not to be appalled at the consequences of its own devilish work. The mother had invited the dilemma; as it stood, she must drink or go mad—a case of the hair of the dog to cure the bite.

I will not dwell upon the scenes that followed during the next few days. The doctor was faithful to his promise. He gave a certificate; not even to the husband, who had first said "Take this," was the terrible truth revealed.

In due time the clergyman held services over the smothered babe. He did not suspect the truth; indeed, did not know that the mother had fallen into the power of the Demon of Rum. He was full of sympathy, and expressed kindly words of condolence. The mother had resorted to me for strength to bear the ordeal. I was in her brain when she listened to the prayer that went up, and she shuddered and turned cold when the clergyman, ever faithful to his duty, dared ask that the seeming affliction might be sanctified to the father of the dead child. The inference was plain as to how he intended the supplication to be understood. Now mark what followed; observe how complicated and far-reaching is the influence we throw around our victims. The mother's nerves were completely unstrung, so she taught herself to think; she had passed the point where any lesson could prove effective; even in the damning horror of its work, the serpent created the desire for its embrace, and while the father was away to the grave the mother drank to keep up her nerve.

I remained in this household until my work was complete. Two weeks following the death of the infant, the husband returned home and found his wife in a state of beastly intoxication. I have said that after victims reach a certain point they cannot be appalled out of their infirmity: my statement is true. It is a fact that self-invited adversity through the agency of liquor becomes but a whip to lash the victims forward with greater speed down the road to ruin.

The husband reproached the wife; she laughed and jeered at him. The devil that had supplanted him in her love, had taken full possession, and the time arrived when the secret could be maintained no longer; it became known that the wife and mother drank liquor. The husband that had laughed at the clergyman's pleadings and warnings, stood aghast in the presence of the consequences which had followed the simple " Take this!" He became desperate under the mortification and disgrace. The lines of moderation were broken through: He was compelled to "nerve up" continually, and the process, as usual, resulted in weakening his own sense of pride. His business was neglected, and eventually sacrificed. Creditors sold his house over his head, and he was compelled to move into hired quarters. These adversities became the excuse for more frequent libations, and resulted in his returning to his home intoxicated. Where peace and purity and Christain order had once reigned, rum rioted.

In time the husband secured a clerkship, but his troubles preyed upon his mind; his wife's conduct each day lessened his chance for reformation. When too late, under the advice of sympathetic friends, he tried to combat the enemy he had introduced into his own household, but it was an unequal struggle; he had sacrificed the strength he required for the contest; and she, who should have been his support, was the weight that bore him down. Indeed, her excess reached such proportions

that it became necessary for the protection of the children that something should be done.

The husband took advantage of a sober moment to talk with his wife, and told her that unless she desisted he would be compelled to send her to an inebriate asylum. It was then the woman burst forth. She reviled him as the tempter; taunted him with having first put the damning cup to her lips; dared him to punish her, when he had made her what she was. The poor man groaned in bitterness of spirit; he still loved his wife, and he could not deny the charge.

Time went on: the woman fell step by step. But one recourse remained to the husband and father: in the interest of his children he was compelled to go before a police-justice and make a complaint against the wife and mother as an habitual drunkard. She was sentenced to the Island, a public prison for the confinement of offenders of her class.

What was it the judge sentenced to the Island? A bloated, maniac woman who, a few years previously, had been an ornament to society, cultured and beautiful, the revered goddess of a loving household. And here is where the influence, through methods that are applied to-day, struck right in the very heart of that society which, with examples like the one described, still countenances the evil. And again I remark that one such case should turn every influence against a curse presenting such possibilities.

I have told a true tale, and have only failed in depicting the details of horrors in this case, which are beyond the power of pen to record.

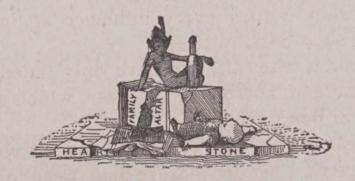
On the Island rum was withheld from the victim. The burning reaction set in; nature had been outraged to such a degree that the Destroyer was necessary to sustain the flickering remnant of life. Exhilaration had become

necessary to the rotted organs, and when it came not, decay asserted its sway, and she fell into physical insensibility and died.

The husband stood over her coffin, but he did not realize the horrors of the situation: he had fortified himself for the occasion; every better sense of feeling was deadened and paralyzed; his adversity was his excuse and my opportunity; he had glided too far down the slimy path to retrace his steps; he had reached the point where sorrow and misery but whetted the appetite.

A few months passed following the death of the wife; every stay had been knocked away; the poor wretch sank rapidly below the level of even momentary self-respect; he became useless to his employers, and they closed their contract by dismissing his service and paying him the money up to the hour of its legal expiration. With this money he went upon a spree, and when he did return to his home fell into a drunken sleep, from which he never awakened on earth.

I repeat I have related a true tale; and I again repeat that the law, and all the other influences I have enumerated in the preceding pages, are still cast in favor of the Destroyer; are still engaged carrying on similar work in thousands of homes.





#### I GO THROUGH SOILED ERMINE, PRESENT A SAD PHASE AND A FAMILIAR FIGURE.



NE day a shabbily dressed man shuffled into the bar-room. His face was cadaverous, and his eyes gleamed with a hungry-whipped-dog expression. His clothes were poor, worn thread-bare, but well brushed; the threads that hung

together betrayed how carefully they were preserved; while his willowy high hat was polished and brushed until it resembled gloss on a piece of pasteboard. The poor fellow attempted a show of quiet gentlemanly dignity, but his dilapidated appearance converted the attempt into a pitiable pretence.

The poor object stood awhile near the stove casting furtive glances towards the lunch-bar, and at length with an air of assumed indifference and nonchalance he ambled over, and his attenuated fingers seized upon bits of cracker and crumbled cheese. At once his manner changed, his starving stomach asserted itself, and the attenuated fingers did rapid work in supplying its need. Suddenly he appeared to observe that there was a

"change" bartender in attendance. A chance for a "bilk" drink was suggested, and with an assumed imperial air he ordered one, and announced that he would hand over the change when he came in again.

He did not take the drink and then announce the fact of his impecuniosity, simply because he was physically unable to undergo the ordeal of a "kick out." Numerous bruises covered by his patched trousers could have testified to many such experiences.

The bartender fixed his eyes upon the man with an expression of contempt and said,

"We don't do business that way!"

The light fled from the eyes of the shabby gentleman; his extended hand was withdrawn from the bottle, and with a sigh, he drew back and shuffled out of the place.

"Do you know that man?" I heard the bartender say, addressing a group in front of the bar. "That is ex-Judge—; he used to be one of the smartest judges in New York, but now he is a dirty 'bum.' Did you see how he tried to stand me up for a drink?"

"Is that Judge ——?" queried one of the group, his face assuming an expression of surprise.

"Yes, sir; that's Judge —. Whiskey has got the best of him; he's no good now; he's a rotten old beat!"

This was the rude manner in which a ruined victim was placed on record; this was the heartless style in which a rum dispenser described a specimen of the effect of that very liquid he was dispensing, to men travelling the same road. And such is the barefaced impertinence of rum that such frankness prevails in the midst of the destroying process. The sight of the judge did not serve as a warning, nor was his fate recognized as a reproach to the business of rum-selling. Again, it was not the curse that was held responsible, but the cursed!

A few moments passed and the judge returned. The

lunch-counter was the attraction: he had made one successful raid upon it and appeared to be resolved to risk a second. As he entered one of the party to whom his "pedigree" had been given, advanced and said,

"Hello, Judge, how do you do?"

The judge's hand was promptly extended; a hopeful light shone in his eyes; such a recognition promised something; it presented the possibility of an invitation.

"Come," said the man, "we are just going to drink; will you join us?"

That miserable wretch starving for a drink dared to coquet for a moment with the invitation, but there was design and method in his coquetry; he was hanging on to the momentary distinction in order to pave the way for future invitations.

"I don't know," he said; "I have just left a party of friends!"

"Oh, come along!"

The judge glared around upon the usual group of hangers-on. It was his moment of triumph; such triumphs came rarely. With a pompous air he joined the party, and when the bottle was passed to him poured out a quantity that led the bartender to wink, as he directed the attention of the group to the improvement of an opportunity.

The judge was a good talker, and the recognition of the party gave him a free and easy claim upon the lunch. With the food and whiskey his blood warmed up, he commenced to "swell," and his reminiscences came forth until the party got tired of listening to the catalogue of his magnificent intimacies.

At length the party, one by one, stole away; the judge was left alone in his glory. Compelled to lay aside the passing distinction, he staggered to the street, and under the exhilaration was once more, in imagination, a judge.

I went with him and through him, poor fellow. I had a sad experience, as with him I was kicked out from a place where, under my exhilaration, unmindful of former experiences, he attempted to obtain credit.

There was no respect for this veteran "elbow-swinger;" long service under the Demon of Rum is not followed by respect or a pension; not even in the places where he had squandered his fortune, his reputation, health, and self-respect did he receive any consideration. Whiskey harbors no pleasant remembrances for the man whom it has destroyed; its pleasant cajolings and recognitions are for new victims. Ruined wretches, no matter what glorious fellows they may have been while madly rushing on to their own destruction, are of no account. They are looked upon as nuisances; their presence is undesired. In the gin-palaces, which their money helped to decorate, there is less sympathy, pity, and toleration for them on the part of their destroyers than in any other quarter. The sirens become in the end, mocking jilts, biting adders and stinging serpents.

I went with the judge to his miserable lodging place. He had no permanent home; his wife had—in her grave! His child, a married daughter and a fashionable woman, under her changed name, ignored her parentage. She could not save the wretch, her father; she would not endure him, and he was left to live on the low level to which rum had dragged him down.

As the poor creature slept I read his history. He had been well educated, was once a brilliant man, and his splendid attainments gained for him an appointment upon the Bench. He was the soul of honor, and a splendid future lay before him; when the interests of a great corporation came under his judicial consideration, attempts were made to bribe him; but no, he was an honorable man; he spurned the offers and his soul revolted

against the insult. He was a righteous judge, and, but for one false step, would have lived and died in honor.

The interests of the corporation were great, and their agents commenced a regular siege. Parties unknown in the suit were called into service. The corrupters well knew of one method by which even a judge's honor can be undermined.

The judge was invited to dinner with several distinguished men. He did not know a plot had been laid, nor that a plan of gradual demoralization had been conceived. He accepted the invitation to dinner. Wine was brought on. He had never tasted liquor in his life, but was persuaded to take a little wine. The devil's handy little aid—curiosity—was employed in the opening assault, and the judge yielded. He liked the wine, the sensation was new, and he permitted himself to listen to the alluring statement that a little wine was good for the stomach.

Right here I wish to meet a little isolated scriptural declaration which has frequently been tortured into a license for the use of liquor in moderation. I offer no apology for alluding to scripture in this confession, as devils are frequently alluded to in scripture.

The author of the text which is thus tortured was writing to a friend, admonishing him as to certain duties. The use of liquor was not in any sense a part of the writer's theme; and it is strikingly evident that at a certain point he recalled that his friend was ailing; he stops a moment in his general admonition and suggests a specific remedy. Up to the point where he offers the suggestion there had been no allusion to the subject, nor is there immediately afterwards. It stands an isolated recommendation as it occurred at the moment the advice was given—a digression too apparent for misconstruction. He might as well have said "Take a little quinine

or castor oil!" and thereby have recommended the two noxious drugs as a good thing for a beverage.

The judge was several times invited to dinners to meet distinguished men. He soon came to like his "little wine for his stomach's sake;" imagined it did him good, and in time did not wait for invitation dinners, but took wine at his own private meals. Well, as is usually the case, he passed from wine to liquor. The necessary result followed; the liquor brought him into other temptations: increased his expenses of living. Before learning to drink his salary had more than supported him; but the expense of wine and liquors caused him to run behind his income. One night, under the influence of liquor, he was persuaded into a gambling saloon. He played and lost! A new appetite was created; his moral temperature fell lower and lower; he ran in debt; his salary became as a bagatelle to his requirements for the gratification of his several recreations. The undermining process had progressed sufficiently far, and the corporation approached him again, and did so successfully. Rum had demolished all the strong citadels that defended his honor. He accepted the bribe, and his rulings were the immoral returns for the money. Exposure followed; his monstrous decisions excited public clamor; he was impeached and deposed; a dishonored man, he drank deep to drown his self-reproachings. The devil had him in his grasp. He was beyond the point where allurements are required. Satan passes over those of whom he is sure, and assails those who are not fully under his influence; his blandishments are for the latter, and kicks and rebuffs for such as the judge.

So men go on; lured towards the gates of perdition, only to be kicked over the threshold at last. And this ungrateful, insinuating devil rides on over law and virtue, in a chariot drawn by society, Mr. Moderates, Deacon

Moderates, temperance-preaching clergymen, and all the other influences that attend the triumphal car of vice; and this juggernaut is dragged on, crushing down innocent babes, praying wives, agonized mothers, pleading fathers, and kindly warning friends; and its track runs red with the blood of its victims.





# I ILLUSTRATE A SADLY UNRECOGNIZED PHASE OF THE REFLEX INFLUENCE.



WAS carried one day by a customer, securely bottled, not to his own home, but to the residence of a friend; and to my surprise, after having been delivered, I discovered that I was in the house of a pastor of a prominent church. At

the moment my purchaser presented me, he did so with the remark,

"I've managed to secure a bottle of genuine Bourbon; it is the pure stuff; and as a medicine, a most excellent remedy."

The remark momentarily misled me. I had determined that I was intended as a substitute for bromide, and would be taken occasionally at night to soothe a tired brain to rest. I did not conceive it possible that I was intended as a beverage. I speedily discovered my mistake, however. I was carried into the library and let into a secret; and I made a tour of the good man's system an hour before his regular meal. As I glided between his lips, had I possessed the conventional caudal append-

age pictorially represented as belonging to all imps, said appendage would have been snapped off by the lusty smack following immediately my passage beyond his teeth.

Just before the evening meal the clergyman took a second quiet "snack" from the bottle; and the second was no "snifter" either, but a good honest three-finger "smile."

Meantime I had been making internal observations, and discovered from the start that I had struck a peculiar case. Whiskey was doing the good man but little physical harm; he kept his stomach so gorged with solid food and indulged at such regular intervals, his organs were partially protected. I could see that the work was going on slowly as concerned his vitals, but in another direction the assaults of whiskey were apparent.

The clergyman was very eloquent, and had been singularly distinguished for his orthodoxy. As a preacher he had been very successful, was held in high esteem, and exercised a commanding influence in directing theological thought.

In rummaging around in the memory cells of his brain, I found the old records and learned how he had once been a pronounced antagonist of the demon Rum. He had assailed the allurer in the most vigorous manner, but the time came when these assaults ceased, and I was enabled to observe that they ceased just at the time when the devil, under the tonic-mask, had gained a controlling interest in the poor man's changing opinions. Having gained the one foothold, his extended influence was betrayed by a gradual conformity to worldliness. He slowly began to take a more liberal view of certain indulgences, which, after all, were but the devil's methods veiled.

I could see that the orthodoxy of the man had been

assailed in a most subtle manner. Intense orthodoxy and the Demon of Rum do not agree. Consistent Christian methods are fatal to his influence, and in order to make his work effective, the devil was compelled to extend his undermining approaches beyond a mere recognition of his power in one direction only, and found it necessary to attempt a more complete demoralization.

The clergyman ministered to a large congregation. As stated, his reputation extended far and near as a leader in theological thought and interpretation, and his falling away from fiery orthodox enthusiasm to cold speculative theories was very gradual, but decidedly marked; and by the time the general public became cognizant of his changed views, his subtle and imperceptible efforts in changing the opinions of his congregation had been so potential, they followed him without once discovering that they were deserting the old theological landmarks and drifting into the realms of speculative liberalism.

I will here say, that when any organized dogma becomes speculative and is wooed over into theorism, it becomes mere drift at best, and the term drifting is most fitly applied. What satisfaction the good clergyman obtained in thus drifting from something to nothing—from established belief to no belief—I cannot tell. I can only assert that it is a mystery to me, as a disinterested observer, how one who had started out as a promulgator of well-founded doctrine, could become a smatterer of all the groundless theories advanced by imaginative cranks to confound and confuse men's minds.

To my mind, as a reformed devil, Christianity is the most excellent influence exerted among men, and I repeat, it is a mystery how one trained and educated to enunciate a system so beneficial, could be transformed

into an apostle of unsatisfactory ethicisms; and from positive knowledge, I assert, the Demon of Rum is the most successful agent in effecting such singular transitions.

I had become acquainted with the good clergyman on an evening when one of his regular meetings was to take place. I went with him to the meeting, and while he sat there heavy and drowsy under the influence of the two devil's "smiles" he had indulged in, I was lively enough and deeply interested.

Coldly he rose and went through the preliminary services; long habit would have enabled him to have done so had he been half asleep, instead of only a little drowsy. He recited the opening prayer—it was but a mere recitation, not the fervid supplication he was wont to offer in by-gone days ere rum had cast a blight over his holy enthusiasm.

As I was a mere spectator I was prepared to calmly dissect the petition; it was but a rambling, running together of ethical conventionalisms, a cold formal pronunciation of gilded nothings.

The conventional services proceeded until the point was reached when it came the clergyman's turn to furnish the filling-in of time so as to occupy the usual hour. It was pitiable to hear this soldier of the cross, once clothed in the armor of a true and vivid faith, speak. It was evident that the old armor had become dusted over with baseless theories and flowery poetic ideas. They were pleasant to listen to, and, being advanced in beautiful language, presented an appearance of seeming excellence and consistency. But, alas! any cold-blooded, clear-minded listener could have easily detected that his ideas were simply well-constructed conformities to the weak side of humanity, the swerved opinions which carried a decorous recognition over to the devil. The

latter individual enjoys such advocacy of Christian doctrine, the beautiful humanitarian side of argument; and the deceptive liberalism comes clothed in the mantle of a broad charity is his delight. What he hates and fears is even that ill-regulated dogmatism born of a fervid faith. The one may claim to be an assault—it is but a caress. The latter is an assault, and it drives Satan back into the darkness whence he should never be moved.

The meeting closed, and the clergyman returned to his home. I spent the night studying him, and could plainly see that his change of thought had been effected under the subtle inspiration of the Demon of Rum; the influence had clouded his perception, vitiated his faith with its fumes, and had transformed a once valiant fighting soldier into a retreating tactician. He who had once assailed the devil in every stronghold became the bearer of a flag of truce, and spent all his energies seeking to establish a compromise between truth well established and liberalism based on craftily presented theories.

Whiskey is alone responsible for this sad transformation. I have presented but one case out of thousands. So blinded are the victims, and so cajoled by subtle influences, they never discover the real cause of their desertion of truth for the support of the gilded lies that come under a million disguises. And I, a devil, again repeat that an established faith earnestly believed, and supported even in conflict with the cold-blooded averments of science, is of more service to humanity than all the glittering ethicisms conceived in the realm of philosophy to torture the reasoning powers of a class incapable of grasping even the shadow of what is sought to be established. And again I declare, that the Demon of Rum is the enemy of the former and in sympathy with the

latter, and fattens on the blood of thousands of victims whom mere ethics exposes to his influence.

The phase I have just presented, though less horrifying in its aspect than some other phases, is none the less fatal.





## I PRESENT ONE CASE AMONG MILLIONS, AND A PHASE THE SADDEST OF ALL.



OR the love of heaven, give me a drink!"

It was night; the bartender was just ready to go to his home after a day spent in dealing out poison to those who love poison for poison's sake. I had not been on a trip that day, and

was prepared to go down in my bottle when a woman rushed into the place, and in shrill tones uttered the exclamation quoted above.

I came up and sat on my cork and looked at the poor miserable creature. Well, well, again I thought, if one such case as this is possible, it would seem that every human voice would be raised to curse a devil that could do such work; that every hand would be uplifted to stay an influence of which the poor miserable wretch who appealed for the drink in such wild, earnest tones, was a result.

During my career as an imp of rum I have heard of many terrible instances of the work of alcoholism. I was present once when a young doctor, himself a moderate drinker and blind to his own peril, related the cases that had come under his own observation. He told how a

poor wretch had once stolen the alcohol in a hospital in which an abnormal specimen had been preserved; and how upon another occasion he had seen a child, the offspring of drinking parents, afflicted with a constitutional stagger—a damning illustration of the reflex influence the curse was capable of assuming. But as the woman staggered in and piteously appealed for the drink, it struck me that after all her case was the worst phase it had ever been my ill fortune to behold.

I could see the light of pity in the bartender's eyes. Bartenders are not all heartless men-indeed, neither are liquor dealers, necessarily. Rum destroys the body, but it does not always succeed in destroying the nobler qualities of human nature—it controls them in certain directions, and steals the strength required to sustain them in their effective condition. But I have seen poor creatures that were shadows of men physically, miserable wrecks of manhood rolling into the grave, themselves pitiable victims, who were still possessed of generous sentiments. My readers will remember that during my whole confession I have contended that it is those possessed of the most generous qualities that become the Rum Demon's easiest victims; it is their generosity that enables the devil to get possession of them more readily and destroy them more rapidly. He even permits all the good qualities to flicker on, though holding them in subjection as concerns their contravening of his influence.

It is a singular fact also, that men are not always blind to their lost condition; indeed, when fully in his power the Rum Demon sometimes permits his victims to perceive how they have been allured, but this unfolding comes when the discovery can bring no saving results. From the lips of the ruined wretches I have heard the noblest sentiments fall, floated on a consciousness of their own lost condition, and it would astonish the cold-bloaded

army of moderates did they know how many prohibition votes are secretly polled by despairing victims; and many more would be cast against the fiend if all who should, would rally to the standard and make a fighting chance for the foes of the devil.

I will state further that I have known rum-sellers to be consistently charitable, and I could make a second startling assertion were it not that the fact might be misconstrued.

I have said that I saw the light of pity shine in the bartender's eyes. It did; and there was pity in his voice when in the parlance of the bar-room he said:

"Kate, why don't you take a tumble?"

"Oh, give me a drink! just one drink!"

The woman's eyes sparkled with a hungry gleam; there was a maniac fire in her glance; her pale features—aye, her classic features—were convulsed with mad eagerness as she repeated her appeal.

- "Have you had a drink to-day, Kate?"
- "Not a drop."
- "You will only get into trouble if I give you a drink."
- "You needn't fear; give me just one drink—it may be the last I'll ever need!"
- "I'll give it to you, Kate, but you'll only get into trouble and be sent up."
- "I'm going up or down, Tom, pretty soon now. I was at the dispensary to-day."
  - "Are you sick, Kate?"
  - "Dying!"
  - "What is the matter with you?"

The woman gave utterance to a hard, bitter laugh; her thin lips curled; a momentary redness, the hectic flush that internal decay sends to the cheek, carnated hers for an instant as she answered, "Rum!"

The poor creature would not deceive herself. She had

reached the condition when the devil could throw off the mask. The doctor had said it was consumption; the woman passed the scientific diagnosis of her case and branded the death angel as he deserved.

"I am sorry for you, Kate!"

"Are you?" said she in a peculiar tone.

"Yes, I am, Kate!"

Having placed the bottle on the bar, the man waited until the woman had taken her drink, then, probably more from force of habit than anything else, tipped a few drops into a glass and wet his lips. It may have been but an act of courtesy, a recognition that in her dying moments the poor wretch dropped for a moment her bitter, degraded past, and stood there the spectre of a lady.

As the bartender touched his lips with the liquor, the woman demanded:

"Are you really sorry for me?"

"I am, Kate!"

The poor creature pointed her attenuated finger at the bottle. The shadow of the past seemed to sweep down upon her. Her memory appeared to run back to a former period. The voice rang out clear and distinct, and her eyes gleamed with prophetic fire as she said:

"Tom, you're a good-hearted fellow; you have always been kind to me; listen: never wet your lips with liquor again or the day will come when you will need all your pity for yourself."

The creature glided like a spectre from the place, and the bartender laughed—yes, laughed. He, like thousands of others in present strength, could not see that he was in peril; he had not progressed far enough; the mirror had not been held up to him; the mask had not been dropped; the siren wooed him blindly along, as

thousands are being wooed at this moment, with the wrecks of humanity lying rotting all around them.

I went out with Kate, and swayed to and fro with her as she staggered in her weak condition, under the effects of one drink.

The bartender's warning was not needed,—the poor creature was too weak to attract molestation; decay had made too great progress. She had not the strength to make night hideous, as she had so often done, thereby earning the sobriquet of Howling Kate. And this howl had been, after all, but the result of intense agony under the lashings of a relentless conscience. She walked or rather staggered along with feeble step, silent and only physically intoxicated. The mind was clear; death was coming apace gently, as though reluctant to wrap in its coldness one who had once been so beautiful, pure and innocent.

Though a devil, even I was tormented at being thus compelled to witness such agony. While I was ensconced in that poor brain, the vials of bitterness were opened; the torturing agonies that revelled, appalled even me. It was a brain-chamber of horror; it writhed in sufferings too intense for madness; unconsciousness would not come; an outraged nervous system was taking its revenge; not enough of the sensitive organism remained to permit madness. The body was dead; the soul lived, and stood trembling under the shadow of death, under the prospect of going forth to the eternal judgment against the sins done in the body.

I studied her history. She had married when quite young a noble, loving youth; she had been a beautiful girl; her husband had come to her from afar, and after the marriage she was carried to his own home, like Ruth, compelled to make his people her people, and

where he dwelt she went to dwell also.

A child was born to them; the mother was young, grew weak and feeble, and one day an anxious lady-friend said,

"Kate, you will go off in a decline; you need something to buoy you up; you are not able to nurse that child unless you take something to build up your strength."

"What can I take?"

"I always take a little liquor; it does me a world of good."

"What kind of liquor?"

"I consider whiskey the best for a nursing mother; it is very strengthening."

The young husband came home: the wife said,

"Arthur, I am real sick."

"We will call the doctor, my dear, and do whatever he recommends."

"Mrs. --- was here to-day."

"Well?"

"She says all I need is something to give me strength."

"You shall have it; we will call the doctor at once."

"I do not need the doctor. Mrs. —— says all I need is a little whiskey."

A shadow fell over the husband's face. He was a loving man. He rose from his seat, his face glowing with emotion, and advancing toward his wife said, in a strangely excited tone of voice,

"Kate, you cannot drink whiskey."

"Will you see me die before your eyes for the want of something to strengthen me?"

The husband's agitation was extreme, as he answered,

"Yes, Kate; I would rather see you die before my eyes than see you take whiskey to obtain strength to live; and I love you as tenderly as man ever loved woman."

"Very well; I will die a martyr to your prejudice."

"Yes, Kate; die a martyr to my prejudice rather than live in the presence of peril so great as tampering with the devil in the form of whiskey."

The husband walked the floor a moment, and at length resumed,

"You must forgive me, Kate; I will see that your strength is not overtaxed; I will do anything to preserve you in health; devote myself to the work; but I'll never consent to the use of liquor."

On the following day the husband returned home early. Greeting his wife, he said,

"Kate, I have decided what you need. I have purchased a carriage and team; you shall ride every day. Fresh air is the best tonic in the world; to-day we go together."

Strangely, the husband drove with his wife to the cemetery. They alighted from the carriage and walked through the winding paths, until they came to a grave, where the husband halted. On the slab was the record:

Tears were in the husband's eyes, as he took his wife's hand, and said,

"Hannah was my sister."

Emotion choked his utterance for an instant; but presently he resumed,

"She took whiskey as a tonic. Spare me the details of her sad history: she died a victim of liquor, and the curse never blighted a fairer flower. Kate, now you know whence my prejudice arises."

The wife was deeply affected. She resolved that she

would indeed seek strength in another direction: she did. Time passed; a second child was born. Once more the wife imagined her health was failing, and again her friend, Mrs. ——, appeared in the character of a temptress. Kate was a visitor at Mrs. ——'s house: she was feeling miserable. Mrs. —— masked the devil, and administered him; the liquor acted like a charm; the blinded mother admitted that she felt better, and said,

"I know that a little liquor occasionally would do me good; but my husband has such a prejudice against my taking it."

"In some cases your husband's fear might be well grounded; but the idea of your ever coming to like it as a beverage!"

I laugh; yes, the idea! Did the poor mother forget her husband's sad words, "Rum never blighted a fairer flower?"—and that flower was his own sister.

A few days passed. Kate again visited her friend; again she took just a little of the strengthener, and again she imagined that it did her good.

Time passed; the moral influence had been gained by the devil; the wife had betrayed the husband's faith, had gone contrary to his sacred warning. The devil had gained an opening, had stolen a link from the chain of affection; he took rapid advantage of his partial success.

The liquor, as the wife imagined, did her good; then came the repeated siren declaration that she could never follow in the footsteps of the fated Hannah. The serpent extended his coils; she procured a bottle; imbibed secretly. The devil was enthroned in that household; he was kept in the shadow, but he did not mind that; he always acts in the shadow at first, biding his time to come to the front; he always comes.

Time passed: the wife reached a condition where she imagined that she needed it for every ailment, and her

husband lived on unconscious of the fact that his wife's love and allegiance had been transferred from him to the custody of a fiend.

Discovery would speedily have come, but business called the husband away to Europe. The fates combined against the wife; generally they do; but their combination would have been of no avail had she not, by a false step, made it possible for fate to turn against her in any particular direction.

Released from her husband's restraining eye, the wife's yieldance to her appetite increased, and the tempter came in another form; the latter, also, could not have come with any show of success had it not been for the first false step.

She went one day with her children to the sea-shore. Satan was in full feather, doing his work on every side. Poor Kate! she had fallen so far as to find a charm in indulgence, and when she reached home the scene haunted her. Some days later she went alone, urged by a desire to indulge freely the fatal craving. She drank more than she had ever done before at one time; an evil eye fell upon her: evil eyes are always glancing around for the devil's victims. A chance acquaintance was made; liquor had deadened all sense of modesty; the new acquaintance was the conventional man of the world, an insinuating, dangerous fiend in human form. She drank with him; the acquaintance was continued; meetings followed, until one day, when rum held her under its deadly influence, she became his slave.

The woman returned home—returned to a dishonored home—to dishonored children. With the first consciousness of her crime there came a reaction. Horror filled her soul. The mask was dropped. The devil had made sure of his victim. Another fair flower had been blighted,

had been scorched and blasted under the glare from the fires of hell.

She sought to combat her sin. But alas! in her bosom burned a fatal secret—the secret demanded rum to soothe its fierce burnings; she could not retreat with that canker-worm gnawing at the very life of her nervous system.

The husband was to return home. The wife and mother could not combat her appetite, nor could she face the man whom she had deceived and betrayed.

The tempter still shadowed her. He came with oil on his tongue, the allurements of Satan in his eye, and the liquid that soothes to sleep the watch-dog—conscience. He offered to take her as she was, to love and cherish the flower he had blighted. She was but a beautiful flower; she needed to be nourished and cared for. She determined to forsake the dishonored and flee to the arms of the dishonorer.

It was a terrible moment when she stepped into the nursery to take a last look at her babes. She could not rob her husband of these. She would leave him misery enough. She knelt over the sleeping innocents, and her lips murmured "I shall meet you in ——." She stopped. The sudden revelation came to her that there was a gulf between her and those angels that could never be bridged over. She had destroyed behind her the bridge over which she had walked away from them, and she finished her sentence in tones of bitterest agony—"I shall never see you more."

Kate was a woman of excellent frankness of character; she looked the situation she could not change squarely in the face, and realized that from that hour her mad joys were to be built over the smouldering fires of despair.

The mother stole away. Mortal pen will never record,

so as to convey a realization of the torture her sin carried with it, nor will the painter's brush ever portray in skilfully painted lineaments, the expression of anguish that was written upon her classic features.

The husband returned. A brief note disclosed the awful truth. The sin that had separated them was properly classed; it came second to the one false step when against his earnest protest she secretly coquetted with the Demon of Rum as a strength-giver.

Time passed. The reflex influence upon the husband was an influence of suffering alone—a suffering so intense that, like the fated French queen, his hair whitened, bleached by the white agony that lay a glittering icicle upon his soul. A few months passed and the younger babe died. The mother was not there to receive its last life-glance, nor to imprint a warm kiss to carry it over the chill river of death. The father lived on in stoical misery, while the mother rioted on, a fevered spectre of her former self.

Once Kate met Mrs. —. The woman who had first put the poisoned chalice to her lips turned scornfully aside from the victim she had destroyed, and in her colder nature, making a purely physical fight against the devil, she looked forward to the crown which fashionable Christians, such as she, delude themselves into believing awaits them.

Years passed. The second child, a lovely girl, died, unconscious of the fact that she had a mother walking the earth in the purlieus of vice. Alas! was the revelation of the truth to come beyond the grave?

Time passed. The ruined woman was deserted by her tempter as she had herself deserted a noble husband and her helpless babes. She became a moral and physical wreck. One night, reeling through the streets, she tottered and fell, and her once fair forehead was cut by

the jagged curb. A gentleman ran to her assistance, raised her from the ground and wiped the streaming blood from her face, when suddenly one wild cry of agony burst from his lips,—he saw, he recognized. Mercifully, unconsciousness came to the husband. He fell at the woman's feet. She, frozen to sobriety, bent over him, pressed her polluted lips once to his brow and staggered away.

When the husband recovered consciousness she was gone. He never recovered from the shock. Day and night that scene of horror haunted him. Day and night that vice-transformed face stood fixed in his imagination, until at length death closed his eyes to the fatal sight.

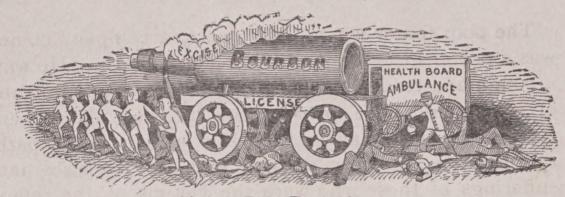
The wife lived on. The miserable wreck reduced to begging the liquid which at first had so wooingly come to her lips. And it was this Kate with whom I went staggering through the street upon that eventful night, and it was by the intense light of her agony I read the story I have told.

I had but concluded the study when I was startled by a strange sound. I listened, because the poor soul I accompanied listened. She stood in the glare of light that shot from the portals of a Christian home established as a lighthouse down in the purlieus of the city, where the devil has placed so many shoals.

Kate listened. Then two words struggled from her lips; they came forth with a spasm that caused the red blood to crimson her lips, "Christ! Mercy!" She had overheard a few words that fell from the lips of a fervent speaker within the lighthouse. They came bearing healing and comfort to that soul just ready to pass into the presence of Deity: "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow!" The words fell like the cooling rain upon a parched field—they came to her like

bright rays from a flash-light to guide her heavenward. They were like a life-boat sent out to snatch a drowning soul from the overwhelming waters. The words "Christ! Mercy!" were her last. The agitation accompanying them was too great for her enfeebled frame. The spasm brought the fatal hemorrhage. She had indeed taken her last drink. I came forth and glided away in the darkness, as helping hands from the lighthouse picked up the stark corpse of her who had drunk the liquid of destruction to gain physical strength, and had found it the deadly poison that had sapped the sources of all strength, physical and moral.





### CHAPTER XVI

#### THE OLD STORY, ILLUSTRATING THE INCONSIST-ENCY OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.



T was Saturday night. The bar-room was full of customers—the usual noisy Saturday night's crush. There were present employers and clerks; heads of firms, and porters; all mingled in the passing fraternalism that liquor carefully fosters.

Looking as I did under the surface and beyond the present, it was a sad sight. In that room was forming, figuratively speaking, a cloud of misery which was to sweep forth and over, carrying heart-burnings and disappointment into many homes.

From among them I selected my special study. There was a group at the lower end of the bar, a party of poor men whose scanty earnings were demanded at their several homes; but rum has no regard for the demands of home. The cry of hungry children, the moans of the sick in need of the bare necessities required for the conflict with disease, do not melt the Rum-Demon. When men place themselves under his control, the fiend is inexorable. He gloats over misery and suffering: I repeat he uses them as whips to lash his victims down the road to ruin; he forges them into chains to more securely bind the doomed.

The poor fellow whom I decided to accompany home, was a porter in an adjacent mercantile house. He was a rough-and-ready fellow, and lacking the allurements of rum, would have been a good husband and father. But no, the devil had secured him and the man's path through life had been strewed with the miseries and sufferings of those who were the victims of the reflex influence.

He was a constant visitor to the place throughout the week, and being good pay, was allowed to "hang up" the cost of his libations from Monday until Saturday. He was considered an honest man, and he so felt himself; well, according to his light he was,—technically. He would not steal; his employers had perfect confidence in him. But let us consider a moment; was he not after all morally a thief, when each week he laid on the altar of the Rum-Demon a large proportion of his earnings,—the very money his wife and family needed for the purchase of food? When he became a husband and father, he assumed certain obligations; and although their nonfulfillment may not be reached by the law of man, how must he who neglects them stand before the inexorable law of God?

This victim was a heavy drinker, and upon the night in question, when he settled his score for the week, it took one-third of his week's earnings to clear the slate. With the balance in his pocket he lingered under the devil's flash-lights arrayed on the bartender's shelf and as he became more and more exhilarated he became also forgetful and reckless, and began to spend what was left. He laughed loud and merrily, and his freedom with his cash constituted him momentarily quite a hero.

The hours passed and at length one after another departed, but my poor victim lingered until his last penny was gone. He had enjoyed "a big time," as he thought,

but when his money was gone, his glory and importance departed also. He who had been a hero, became a nuisance; those who fawned upon him while he was ordering drinks, slunk away in the presence of his violence, and finally even the bartender could endure him no longer and thrust him from the place. The poor fellow staggered out and went swaying toward his home.

While Pat was having his good time under the glare of gas in the bar-room there was a domestic drama in progress under the flickering light of a tallow candle in another quarter of the city.

A woman with five children sat in a miserable apartment. Hers was a coarse face, but still capable of betraying expressions of suffering and sorrow; and indeed it was a pitiful look that rested upon her countenance when a little pale-faced child approached and said, "I am hungry!" Emotion choked the mother's voice when she answered, "Me poor child, ye will hev to wait 'till yer feyther come home! Shure, there's not a crumb in the house!"

"When will father come?" moaned the child.

A tear trickled down the mother's rough face. She could not moralize; she could only meet the cold fact as it was presented. The father was not home. Former experiences taught her that there was no telling when he would come home; and there was not a crumb in the house.

The children waited, but at length nature came to their rescue. Sleep closed their little eyelids to the sad realities, and pleasant dreams tided them over the passing deprivation.

The mother sat alone; she was a sober, industrious woman, but having a nursing babe was unable to go out and work to procure the food which should have been

provided with the money her husband was spending at that moment in such a lordly manner.

There was suffering in that house, real suffering, and disease—the latter the direct result of lack of proper nourishment.

I learned the story as I have told it, from the wife's lips when with her husband I staggered across the threshold.

- "Ah, here you are!" was the greeting Pat received.
- "Shut up!" came the answer in a thick voice.
- "I'll not shut up! Where's the food ye were to bring home, ye beggar?"
  - "Is it food ye want?"
  - "Yes; and yer children!"
  - "Well, take that instead!"

The brute, made a brute by rum, struck the poor woman a blow that caused her to reel and fall. She was used to such treatment, however, and one blow did not cause her to keep silent. But alas! she was talking to deaf ears; the man had thrown himself across the bed where he dropped off into a maudlin slumber.

The mother made an examination of his pockets. There was not a cent left of all his week's earnings, and the expression of sorrow and disappointment that rested upon her honest face should have served as a reproach of sufficient force to the practice of rum-drinking to condemn the indulgence forever.

While the examination was in progress, I took a glance around the room. The evidences of the blighting influence of rum were terrible to behold. And there are thousands of such wretched homes strewed along the pathway over which marches the Demon of Rum. In one corner stood an empty flour barrel. As I gazed upon this deserted habitation of a relative whose mission had been beneficent, I pondered and recalled how too

oft the whiskey jug supplants the barrel of flour. Indeed I was accustomed in my various pilgrimages to the finding of more empty barrels than full ones, and as I danced on the creaking staves I again realized that full whiskey jugs suggest empty flour barrels every time.

I had read Pat's history while staggering with him on his way home. He had once been a sober and industrious man, and had lived in quite comfortable quarters surrounded with all the necessary comforts; but when once he became a victim of the Demon of Rum, one article after another had disappeared, and squalor and deprivation succeeded. The home to which drink had brought him, was a mere pest-hole for the breeding of disease; and his family were not only compelled to face want, but all manner of pestiferous exhalations which always abound where there is neglect and filth. Where Rum reigns disease follows in his train.

And right here is suggested an illustration of the inconsistency of municipal government. Enormous sums are appropriated for, and expended by, an organized Health Board, and every precaution is taken to extirpate disease in order to avoid the risk of recurring epidemics. Such precaution is right and proper, and yet I laugh when I recognize the fact that a like sum is appropriated to support an Excise Board, a department organized for the granting of licenses to sell a poison that is the most fatal breeder of disease known to the medical profession. It is a fact that in no period of ten years has any contagious disease been directly and indirectly the cause of as many deaths as rum. A careful observer has stated that more men have died violent deaths in drunken broils since the appearance of cholera in New York up to the present time, than perished during the last visitation of that fatal epidemic. And when we add to the list, those who have died of diseases directly the result of the use of liquor, and add thereto the victims of the reflex influence, a catalogue of fatalities is presented that is simply appalling, and makes one shudder to think that in this age of enlightenment a community exists wherein such a ruthless destroyer is licensed and protected. Again I laugh when I behold health officers and their assistants going around to cleanse and fumigate, while dram shops are licensed by the thousands to distribute a liquid that is not only a direct breeder of disease, but is also responsible for that lack of proper nourishment, for that prevalence of filth, which carry off thousands of lives. And what is more appalling to consider, this licensed health destroyer is fatal not alone to its immediate victims; it directly and indirectly transmits disease through generation after generation.

The object of the Health Board is to lower the annual death rate, while the result of license is to increase it. If all the diseased hearts, stomachs, kidneys and livers that are carried around in living bodies to-day, could be catalogued, the record would present an aspect such as has never been surpassed by any epidemic or plague inflicted upon humanity. The latter may do more execution in a given length of time, but add up the sum totals by decades, and the Rum Demon can give odds every time to the plagues and epidemics.

The picture I have presented in the humble home of Pat's wife, is but one of thousands where the whiskey bottle has entered the moderately comfortable home and driven out every comfort, and where in the end the Rum-Imp has reveled while the wolf howled at the threshold.

Right here I ask permission to suggest just one idea. If my readers would bring to the surface the undercurrents of rum's ravages, let them glance backward ever

the experiences of those whom they have known to be rum's victims, and take a bird's-eye view from the first drink to the last, and thereby uncover the mask under which the evil has been accomplished. The attacks of the evil are so subtle, so imperceptible; its work is done before its victims really realize that it has commenced; and no truer declaration was ever made than that "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."



ing through his veins like a monatain stream flowing swiftly over its drystal bod; and later on I have seen



## I PRESENT A BULWARK OVER WHICH THE RUM DEMON CANNOT CLIMB.



my readers will remember, I stated that a number of bottles were filled from my barrel and put aside. Only a few of these remained, and my special career as a Rum Imp was nearing its end. For months I had lain idle, had been but a

mere spectator, and in closing my narrative I desire to present a few passing glimpses of what may be seen daily in a fashionable bar-room.

I have seen men with large incomes go on all their lives as moderate drinkers, men who were bountiful providers for their families, but who when cut off in their prime, left wives and children absolutely destitute, left them suddenly to plunge from comfort to want; whereas had the money spent for liquor, been put aside for their benefit, they would have been enabled to live in comparative comfort.

I have seen the youth in the first flush of life, with bright eyes, clear complexion, and with the blood coursing through his veins like a mountain stream flowing swiftly over its crystal bed; and later on I have seen those eyes sodden and bleared, the complexion ruined, and the temperate blood heated until it flowed through the brain like puffs of hissing steam. Where had been health and strength, there followed weakness and disease; where had been high hope, there succeeded despair.

I have seen men in the prime of life, fathers of families, naturally kind and generous, transformed into raving maniacs, all their finer sensibilities and affections crushed under the control of the Demon Rum.

I have seen old men, those who in the long ago had yielded to the tempter, when they were fast nearing the end of life's journey. And what preparation had they made? I looked into the past over their shoulders and what did I see? All along the road over which they had travelled lay decaying heaps of opportunities lost, of possibilities neglected, and their companions by the way had been mocking devils of selfishness and indifference. Alas! in their old age they were tottering toward the grave, still heedless, still bound and fettered, every avenue to reform and repentance choked with hissing desires for more, more of the liquid of death.

As I dwell upon these pictures, I am fain to recall the evil that one barrel of whiskey accomplished; and when I remember that thousands of barrels are consumed weekly, I shudder.

Dear reader, I have related in detail but a few instances of the ravages of the Demon of Rum as witnessed during my own career. If you would at a glance behold the full extent of the Rum Evil, multiply the cases I have detailed seventy times over and you can form some idea of the work of a single imp. And to-day, even at this moment while I write, and at the moment when you read these lines, the evil work is going on. Just such cases as I have recorded are occurring in every direction. The wife is drinking for strength and drifting toward dis-

honor. Mr. Moderate is denying his family little comforts which otherwise they would receive. Deacon Moderate is turning his back upon the Cross; and the few clergymen who indulge are letting go the anchor of Truth and drifting out upon the sea of bubbling speculation. Youths are taking the first drink that shall woo them on to prison and disgrace. Business men are indulging moderately to-day, only to drink deeply to-morrow, to be led over the hills to the poor-house.

Yes, the arch fiend's machinery is in full working order: the great fly-wheel of destruction is being well oiled by State Legislatures, Municipal Governments, and all the other influences which in the past have given countenance to the ruthless destroyer of all that is good and beneficent.

Rum is a legalized and licensed traffic; and Rum is the arch-fiend of riots, the inciter of murder, the blight of virtue and innocence, the father of cripples, the mother of disease, the spirit of hate and the strong arm of revenge, the curse of beauty, the insidious enemy of health. Rum turns friendship into enmity, converts affection into indifference. It hovers over the convivial board with a masked dagger, a cocked pistol, and a spiked bludgeon. Everywhere it is a blight, a destroyer, a curse, and yet, I repeat, it is a legalized traffic. Intelligence countenances it, false honor defends it, religion, through the practice of some of its disciples, encourages it; the silence of those who should be outspoken permits it; and they who assail it are assailed in turn. And this is called an age of advanced civilization! I laugh, and challenge every thinking man in the world to point to one moral benefit that ever came as the product of Rum.

In extreme cases, as a medicine it has alleviated suffering, like many other poisons; and against this one power for alleviation of physical pain, is arrayed a catalogue of horrors directly attributable to its influence that have come down through the centuries in torrents of evil so overwhelming that one stands aghast at the power of its allurements. And it is a matter of surprise that the whole world does not rise up to extirpate the monster and crush from the face of the earth the slimy serpent whose glance is disease, whose breath exhales death, and whose hiss is the music by which fiends woo souls down to perdition.

I stated in the opening paragraph of this narrative that I had remained idle for a number of months, but one day I was again called into service, and after a quick and exciting campaign, my career as an imp of the demon I had been compelled to serve so well, came to an end.

One afternoon a gentleman entered the saloon and enquired,

"Have you any real, genuine, old whiskey?"

The enquirer was a young man, possessed of one of the handsomest, most refined and interesting faces I had ever seen; and a wail rose even to my impish lips as I saw presented the terrible possibility, that one so bright and fair should fall another of the many, many victims of the Demon Rum.

In answer to the enquiry the bartender smiled the usual conventional smile simulative of superior intelli-"We've got the best in the world." gence, as he said,

"Well, let me taste it; I have drunk so much bad rum lately, I have almost been driven to swear off."

"I've whiskey that will gladden your heart, my boy!"

The bartender took down one of the bottles remaining from my barrel. He pulled the cork, poured some into a glass, and a moment later I was gliding between the lips of the most perfect physical organization I had ever been set to destroy.

The customer extended his hand to the bartender as I disappeared, and exclaimed,

"Truly, that is the best whiskey I ever tasted!"

The bartender again smiled his gratification, and my victim poured down glass after glass of what the bartender had designated, "The best in the world!"

While the expressions of mutual satisfaction were being exchanged, I improved the opportunity to investigate the man who valued me so highly, and I admit that I, an Imp, became charmed, aye, fascinated with this magnificent specimen of manhood.

Arthur Generous, as I shall name this particular victim, was the son of Christian parents. He had been truly trained and nurtured in the admonition of the Lord. Devoutness was a heritage, having come down to him through many generations. The truth of Revelation was to him an accepted fact from the very moment he had first learned to lisp his infantile prayers; and never during his whole career while under the parental roof, had he been permitted to wander away to where the influence of the Demon of Rum could cast his spell around him.

But alas! later on he did step aside; from a feeling of companionship he permitted himself to be drawn within the charmed circle. It was a long time before he succumbed, so well entrenched had he been by good influences. The approaches of the devil were necessarily very slow and subtle, but at length the bulwarks erected by parental precept and example, were breached; the inner lines of refinement, devoutness and self-respect were assailed, and at the time I found him, the work was being carried forward in the most persistent manner.

Arthur Generous was so well pleased with "the best in the world" he insisted upon the purchase of all the remaining bottles in my barrel, and subsequently I went with him to his home. He was a wealthy man, having succeeded to his father's business—a well established one—and had never known financial anxiety. I found his home to be the abode of refinement and elegance, and the presiding goddess of the household—his wife—a lovely woman well fitted to adorn such a mansion; and as I learned speedily, also well fitted to defend her home against the assaults of the Demon of Rum.

I had been but a few moments in the house when I learned that its master's weakness, or rather the discovery of it by his beautiful wife, was of but comparatively recent date. I learned also that she had at once set her face against the enemy. At first she sought to argue with her husband, and had pointed out to him the sin and the danger; and he loving his wife had promised, but his promises one after another were broken. At length his wife adopted other tactics; she betrayed her impatience and disgust, she sought to mortify him, and withheld her loving endearments, and finally upbraided him in the most decided and forcible manner. But alas! each week she saw how futile were her efforts, and how rapidly he was losing strength as his finer sensibilities were submerged under the evil influence.

The time came when she began to despair. She was as keen and far seeing as she was beautiful, loving and faithful, and looking down the avenue of the future, taking the experiences of others as guide marks, she saw that in the end would surely come disgrace and sorrow, not alone to her husband who was yielding to temptation, not alone to her who began to see in him a broken image, but even to her children, those innocent little angels over whom she had been set as a guide and protector. And there came a dark hour in her life when she was prone to exclaim, "Would they had never been born!"

The wife, like the husband, had been reared under Christian influences; from her earliest infancy she had been wont to carry all her cares and all her troubles to the Mercy Seat, and during her struggles with the Demon of Rum, she had done so. And still her husband appeared to be gliding down the road to disgrace.

As I learned upon the night of my introduction into that home, the wife had expected her husband to accompany her in a call upon a friend. When dinner time arrived and he came not, the shadow fell over her soul. As the hours passed and still he came not, she became wrapped in the coldness of despair, and anxiety sat enthroned upon her brow. In this cold agony she sat down to her open piano in order to worry her mind from a contemplation of her sorrow, lest she should go mad.

An open hymn book lay upon the piano and her eyes fell upon the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, rest unto your souls!"

The wife's attention became fixed. There arose the question, whence came this promise? The answer followed the mental query. The promise was from Him who all her life she had been taught to believe could and would save to the uttermost all those who called upon Him in a spirit of true and trusting faith. The promise, if it meant anything, meant that it was extended to her, and that in it lay her only hope.

The wife fell from the piano stool to her knees, and there alone in the sacred precincts of her own home, she prayed. I will not reproduce her petition, it stands upon the records of Heaven among the "accounts closed" of the Recording Angel, but it was after this appeal to that Saviour who still says "Come unto me" that with her husband I staggered into the presence of the wife.

It was midnight and as the husband tottered into the sitting room, the wife came toward him. Kindly and tenderly she assisted the reeling man to a chair, then she kissed him and went and brought his slippers and bending over him in a loving manner stood ready to perform any other needed service.

The husband was intoxicated, but he was a man of strong mental capacity and still able to discern the change in the manner of his reception. He had expected upbraidings, knew he deserved them, but in place of looks of scorn and taunting words, came kisses and tender attentions. He was partly sobered, taken all aback, as the term goes, and suddenly he exclaimed,

"Louise, why in thunder don't you pitch into me and give it to me as I deserve?"

The wife came to him and kissing him said in gentle tones:

- "I will never scold you again!"
- "Never scold me again?"
- "Never!"
- "Why not? hang it, I deserve it!"
- "No, poor man! poor man! you are past that point where scolding will avail. You are not responsible for your acts; the devil has you now; your manhood and strength are gone! Oh, how I pity you!"

No more was said that night, and the following morning Arthur took a "nip" from the bottle he had carried home, and I accompanied him to his place of business. He was in a thoughtful mood. He glanced backward and saw how he had fallen. He looked forward and the question came "Where will it all end?" But alas! he did not resolve to stop right there: he lacked the strength. He half promised himself he would stop some time, but did not put his foot down and say "I will stop now!"

When I again staggered home with him that night, a feeling of shame caused him to steal into the house. Once within the hall he removed his boots and stole stealthily upstairs, extinguishing the lights as he passed along. Soon he stood beside his own bedroom door. The latter was partly open. He looked in and across to an adjoining room, the door of which was also open, and there he beheld a sight that transfixed him.

As I afterwards learned, the children had been to a birthday party, and the mother was just putting them to bed after their innocent little frolic. A beautiful sight was presented; the children were in their night-dresses and the mother stood over them as they kneeled beside their little bed.

The drunken father gazed and listened as the mother guided them in their accustomed prayer. The "Now I lay me down to sleep," had been spoken and there came a pause. The children would have risen, but the mother gently laid her hand upon them and kept them upon their knees. A moment and she was leading them in another petition, to that same Saviour who had said, "Come unto Me!"

The children did not know or understand who was the special subject of their petition. The mother shrouded the ghastly truth; but the father did interpret, and well understood for whom and for what his children were praying. It was a crisis which concerned eternity, and as with the father I listened, it seemed to me that silence pervaded the very vaults of heaven: it seemed as though the celestial choir ceased their song and all heaven listened while the infantile prayer was ascending to the ears of Him who sits upon the great white throne.

The prayer was concluded; the father trembled; there came from his swelling bosom a sob, and borne on the sob there came also a wailing "Amen." The chil-

dren prayed and the father standing there, his soul aroused to a full consciousness of the enormity of his sin, emphasized the prayer and carried it nearer and nearer to the Saviour's heart through that "Amen," the outcome of a quickened spirit. With that Amen I came forth, or rather was thrust forth a defeated Imp. And it seemed as though suddenly there resounded throughout the space of heaven one glad acclaim and anthem of praise and thanksgiving in fulfilment of the Divine declaration of the greater joy over one sinner that repenteth.

Yes, I came forth a defeated Imp. The woman had planted her heel upon the head of the serpent. She had sought that strength—the only strength sufficient to overcome the Demon of Rum; and when her husband joined his appeal, born of faith, the devils fell back and slunk away!

Upon the following morning when the husband and father broke the remaining bottles from my barrel and let the liquid of death run to the sewer, the Angel put his foot upon my neck, and as I writhed beneath his heel I could not complain, for I was a monster that deserved to be slain.

The wife who had sought the only aid against which the Demon of Rum cannot contend, had regained her husband and saved her children; and by one stroke had caused to be rebuilt all the bulwarks over which the imps of the Rum Demon had climbed; and when I had been crushed under the foot of the Angel, there arose a fortress forever unassailable by any influence within the power of the Arch-fiend, whose greatest weapon is Rum!

My story is told; and I challenge any reader to say that aught has been set down in malice or one experience.

exaggerated, as related in the foregoing pages. I have no comments to offer: comments I leave to others. I have but presented facts, and pointed out through them whence the evil cometh and how it is encouraged and sustained. And now it remains for those who control the influences indicated to decide whether they shall be continued to the destruction of thousands of their fellow men and women, or whether they shall be so exerted as to crush a monster whose victims are counted by the millions and from whose assaults no household is secure.



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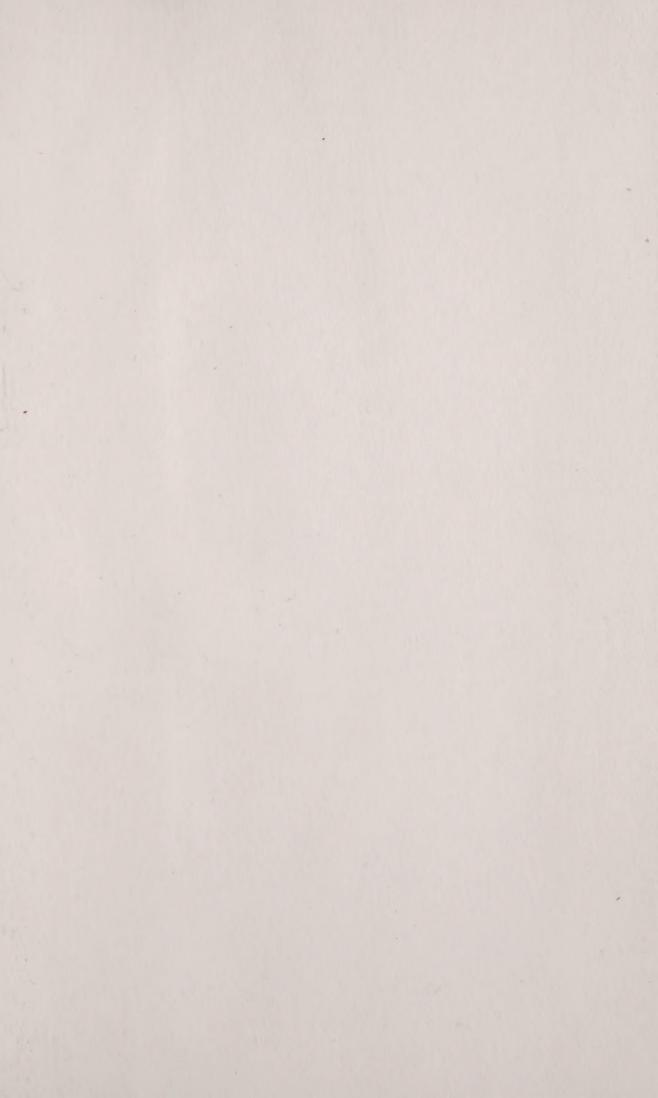
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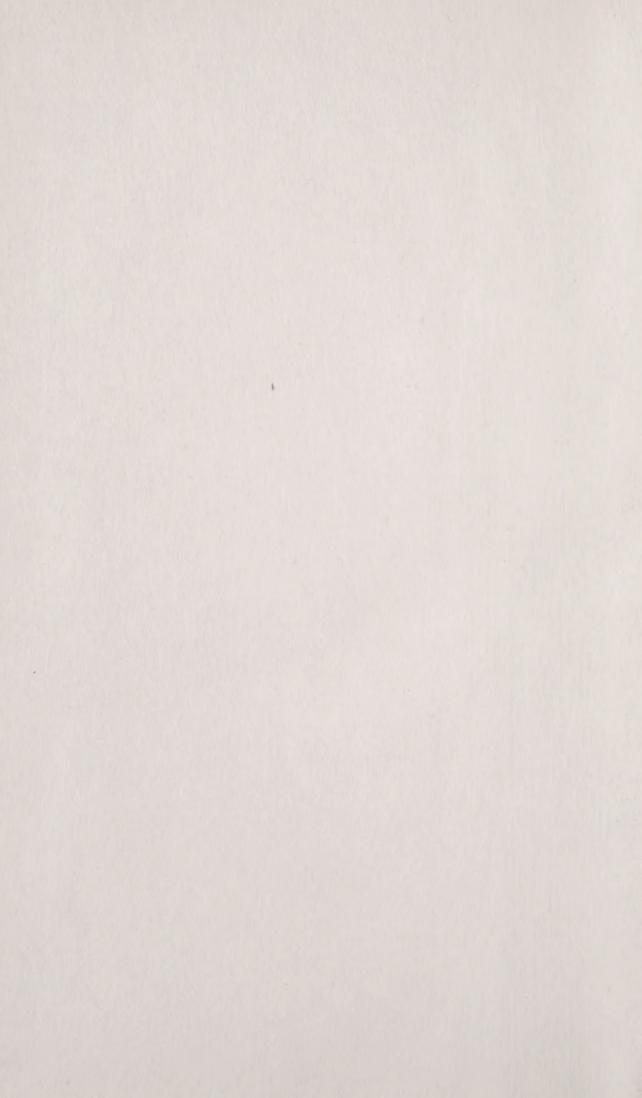
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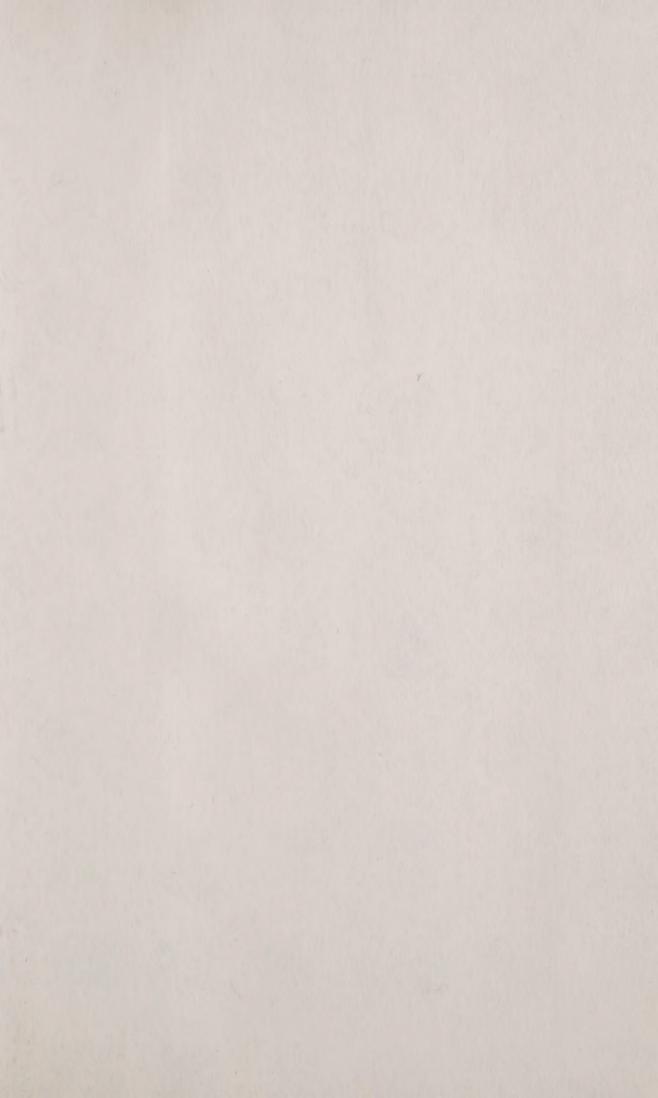
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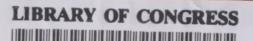












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